

# Film Fun

"Stars and Their Cars"

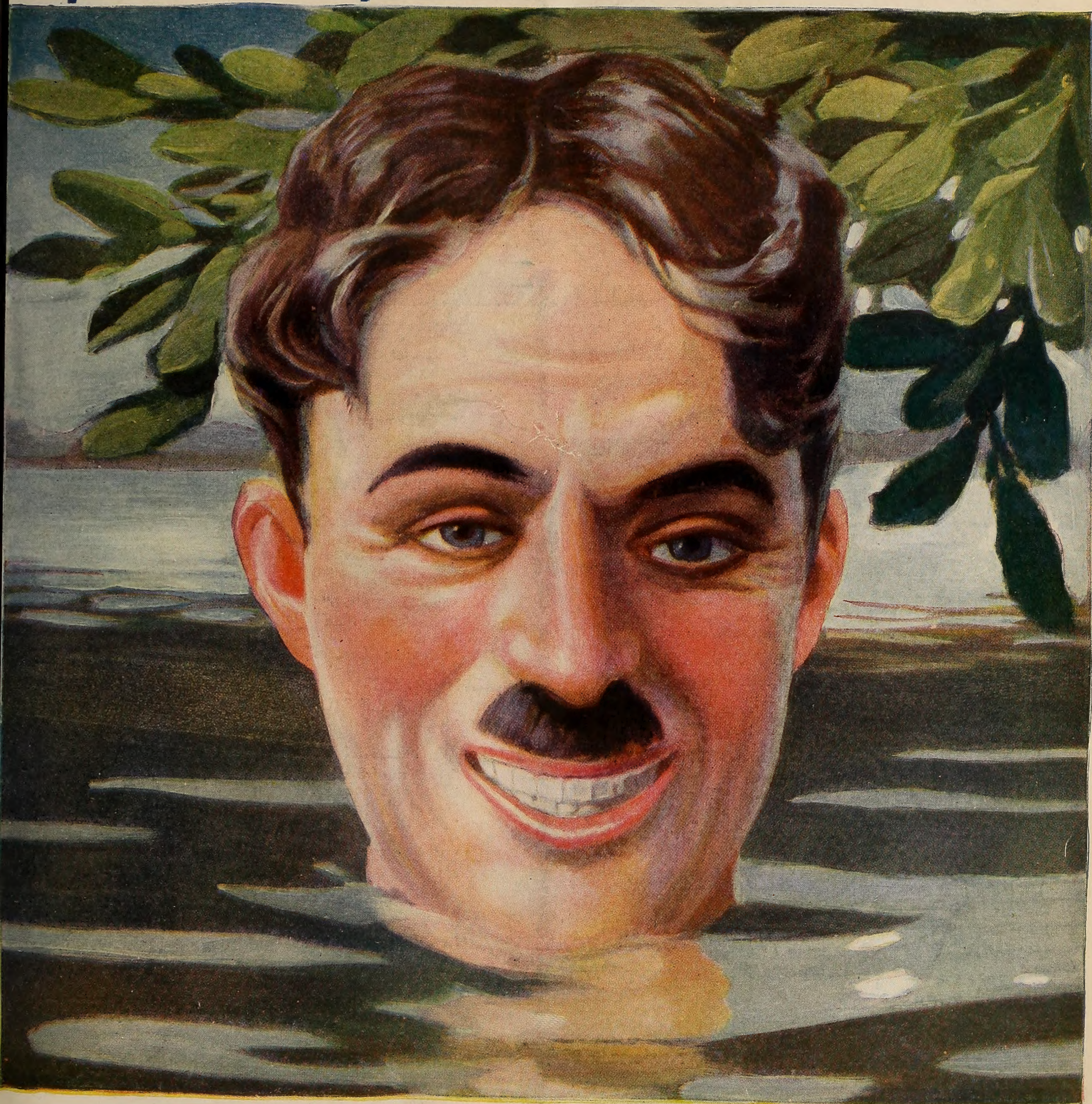
*For Both Movie and  
Motor Fans, in This Issue*

Price 15 Cents  
**SEPTEMBER**  
1919  
APPROPRIATE DIVISION  
AUG 19 1919  
U.S. CONGRESS

**NOTICE TO  
READER.**

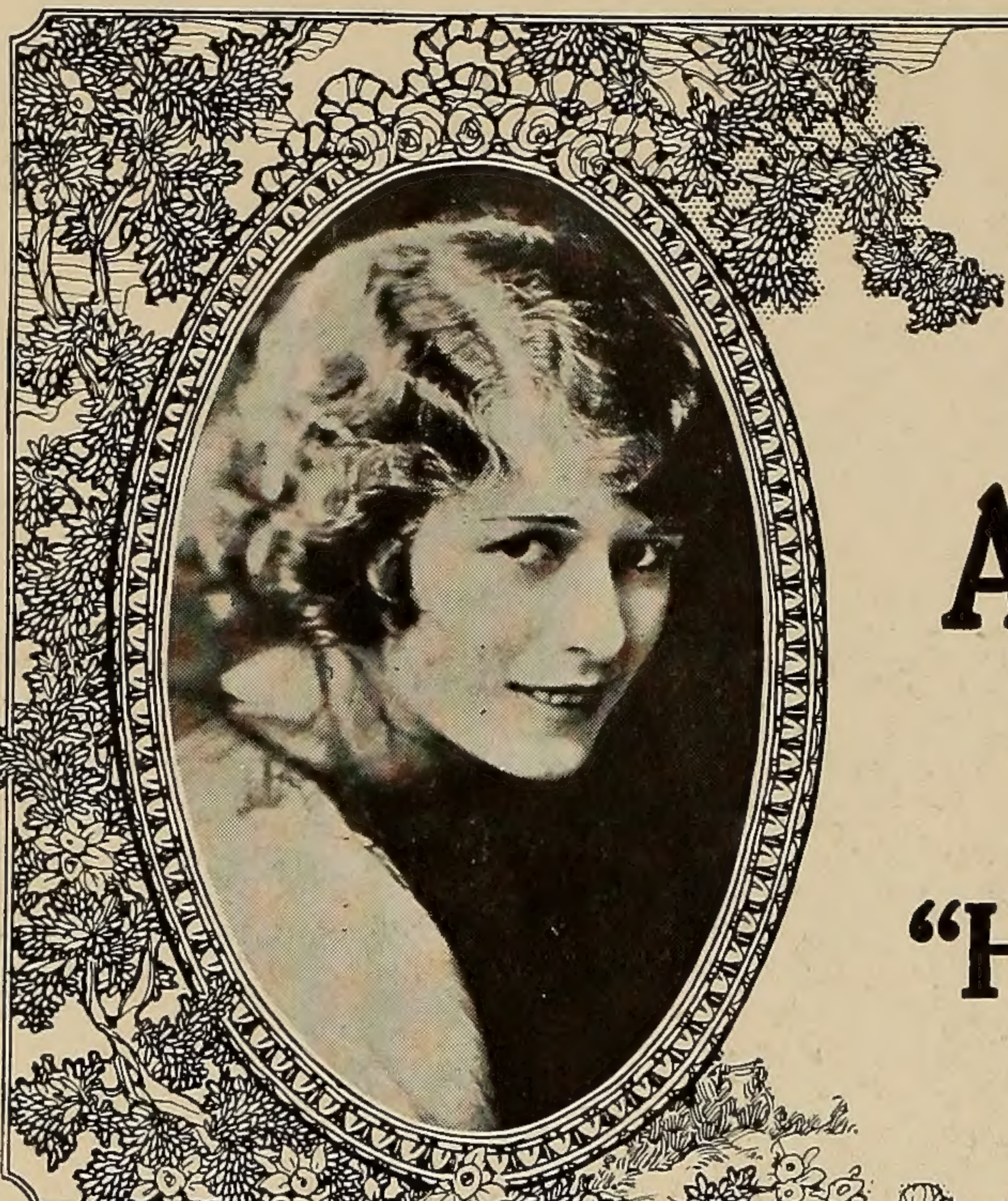
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**NO WRAPPING  
—NO ADDRESS.**



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**CHARLIE GOES WET**



## The Greatest Cast

ever assembled for any Picture  
appears in support of

# ANITA STEWART

In an adaptation of Louise Provost's story  
from the People's Home Journal

## "Her Kingdom of Dreams"

Directed by Marshall Neilan

### You'll Remember Them in These Photoplays

#### MARSHALL NEILAN

Director of "Daddy Long Legs"  
"The Unpardonable Sin"  
and other successes.

#### SPOTTISWOOD AITKEN

"The Birth of a Nation"  
"How Could You Jean"  
"Capt. Kid, Jr."

#### TULLY MARSHALL

"Bound in Morocco"  
"Cheating Cheaters"  
"Arizona"  
"Joan the Woman"

#### THOMAS JEFFERSON

"Hoosier Romance"  
"Tarzan of the Apes"  
"Sis Hopkins"  
"Romance of Tarzan"

#### THOMAS SANTSCI

"The Crisis"  
"Beware of Strangers"  
"Little Orphan Annie"  
"The Hell Cat"

#### JAMES NEILL

"Say Young Fellow"  
"The Little American"

#### MAHLON HAMILTON

"The Danger Mark"  
"The Hidden Hand"  
"The Death Dance"

#### KATHLYN WILLIAMS

(Selig Star)  
"Out of the Wreck"  
"The Whispering Chorus"  
"We Can't Have Everything"

#### EDWIN STEVENS

"The Devil's Toy"  
"The Squaw Man"  
"Faith"  
"Cheating Cheaters"

#### RALPH GRAVES

"Sporting Life" (Leading Man)  
"White Heather" (Leading Man)

#### ANNA Q. NILSSON

"Auction of Souls"  
"Trail of Yesterday"  
"No Man's Land"  
"The Way of the Strong"

#### WESLEY BARRY

"Unpardonable Sin"  
"Daddy Long Legs"

Watch for "Her Kingdom of Dreams"  
at your theater

A First National



Attraction

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AUG 18 1919

Volume 31

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# FILM FUN

A MONTHLY REEL OF LAUGHS

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*"Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes," is a celebrated admonition. But delays are dangerous; eyes like those of Constance Binney can fire back. Indeed, they often fire first, and with deadly aim.*



*This is not Priscilla, the maid of Plymouth, in the act of asking, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" It is Madge Kennedy, one of the maids of the Goldwyn studios in California. If Madge had lived 300 years ago in Massachusetts, we think Priscilla would have had a rival. And it is not altogether a matter of Puritan cuffs and collar, either.*



*Looking at this picture, he would indeed be a dolt who could not discover excellent and ample reasons why May Allison was cast as a "Beauty" in the screen production of "Everywoman." Her newest offering is a timely comedy entitled "The Uplifters," the uplift apparently beginning with her eyes. If so, it is a decidedly successful debut.*



*Priscilla Dean, shown in what press agents delight to call the "simple home life." It may be, doubtless is, purely accidental that the words "Star" and "Triumph" appear rather prominently upon one of the stove doors. What is Priscilla cooking? We were not informed, but whatever it is, we venture to guess that she put plenty of pepper and spice in it. For that's her way.*

# Flash Backs

*Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips*

**W**M. G. McADOO weighs his salary on Fairbanks scales.

There's only one fitting punishment for the Kaiser—make him a policeman in a Keystone comedy.

And the Clown Prince deserves to be made to play the villain in a picture in which Fatty Arbuckle is the manly hero who wins out by falling on the villain in the last reel.

The moving picture business is getting to be a great thing. They can show you a picture of something that never happened as easily as of something that never will.

Posters advertising one of the German atrocity thrillers are headed "Extra Attraction." Why not "Sextra Attraction," and get things more to the point?

"Plot pirates have overlooked a rare opportunity in not turning to the Bible," says Lem Parton. "I'm thinking of beating them to it with a scenario based on Eugenesis and Sexodus."

A movie trade magazine that is fond of statistics runs a page headed "Screen Figures." And on this page has never appeared one word about the Mack Sennett bathing beauties, yet we defy the editor to produce any better "screen figures."

Marriage is like the movies in just one thing: the people that are in stay

in because it is so much trouble to get out, and the people who are out fail to see the trouble in their anxiety to get in.

That's why folks who are both married and in the movies need never go to church. St. Peter will never deny that they have earned the right to front row seats in Paradise.

No wonder stout people have lost faith in the efficacy of exercise as a means of reducing weight. Who gets more bumps than the "fat folks" of the movies, we'd like to know, or practices deeper breathing, swifter footwork, and the like, and yet they never seem to lose an ounce?

And the vampires are always reclining sinuously on a divan, munching rich chocolate creams out of a five-pound box, and yet they never put on an ounce. 'S a funny world—the movies.

Milburn Moranti, leading man with Gale Henry, suggests that all near-beer be labeled "Willard Punch." It has no "kick."

No press agent these days is properly equipped without a letter to his star from some admirer in far Japan. But Dick Willis contributes to the gayety of nations with this culled from Mary Anderson's mail: Upper left on the envelope it says: "If Miss Anderson are not at your studios please to send her home." Translated, this means: "Please forward."



DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

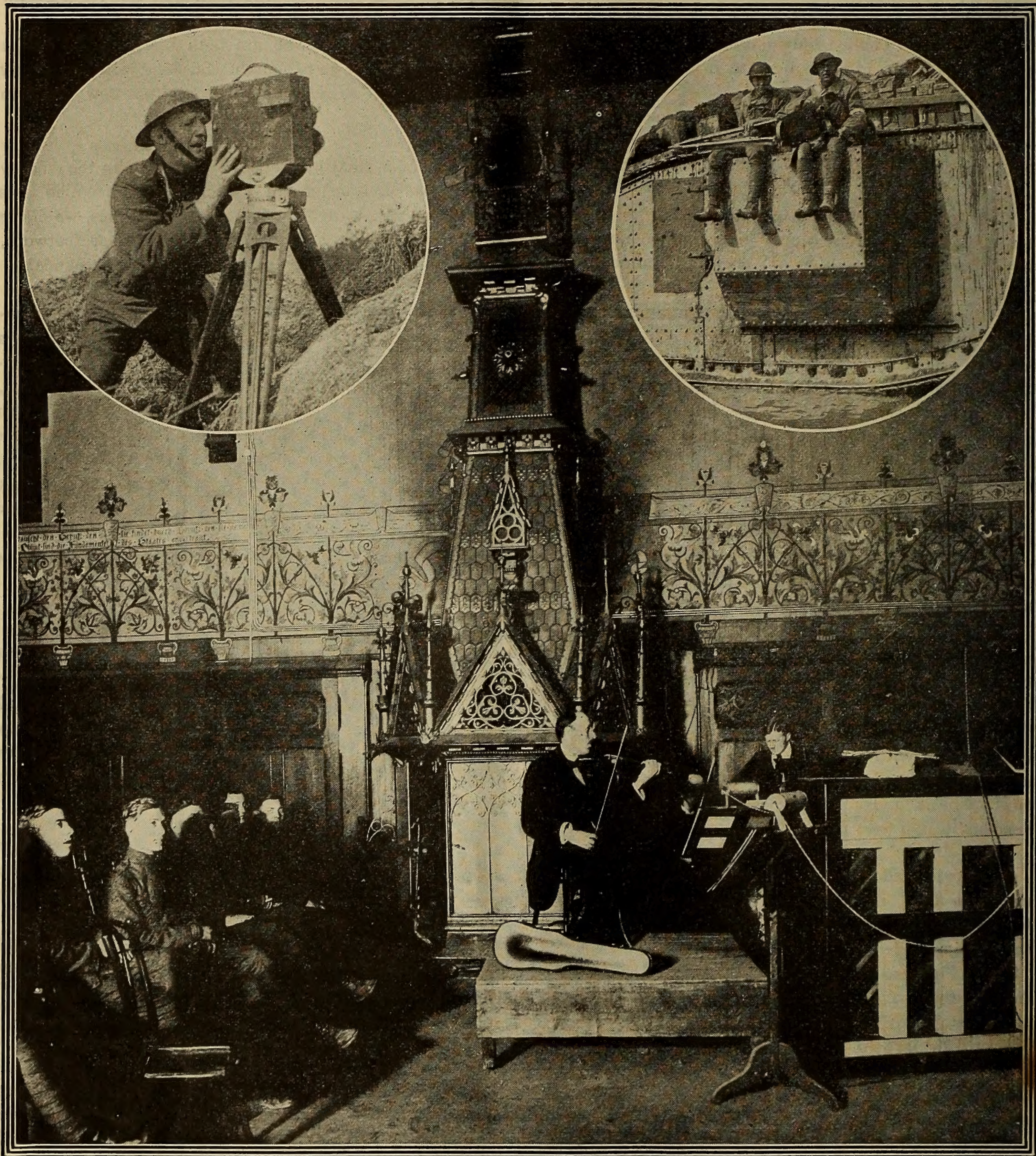
## WASTED EFFORT

"Boo-hoo! What's the use of me going to Sunday school when I means to be a movie vampire when I grows up!"

# Charlie Chaplin at the Front

By Homer Croy

(Author of the book, "How Motion Pictures Are Made")



Upper left—Filming No Man's Land was all in the day's work.

Detail from the interior of the continuous motion picture theater in Coblenz. It's not an altar! It's a German stove!

Upper right — American movie photographers hopping a British Tank.

**H**AVING just returned from France, where we were engaged in showing motion pictures to the troops, the author speaks with some emotion as to the part played in the war already passed into history

by motion pictures. They were the biggest thing in the way of entertainment that we had over there. Motion pictures were everywhere. In fact, some men had more motion pictures than they had war. A good many of

the boys standing around the Owl Drug Store, telling how We Won the War, saw more film than they did Germans. They had motion pictures from the time they signed up till they got their sixty dollars. Motion pictures were in the training camps on this side, on board ships, in the ports in France awaiting their arrival and followed them to their quarters over there and into the fighting area.

The conditions that we put the pictures on under would make Sam Rothaphel turn gray over night. Anything, at first, that would generate a light we used to project pictures. We had gas machines alongside of which a white bean would have to put on dimmers. These we carried around on trucks, and, drawing them up to where men were, we would start the show going. Just about the time the hero would go to take the girl into his arms, something would go wrong with the machinery. We would get out a monkey wrench and a hammer and go after it until it sounded like Hog Island. When we got enough light for the boys to see the film again, the girl would be the mother of three babies. It was disconcerting. The audience could never tell whether the girl had shot the man or promised to love and obey him.

But as fast as we could we eliminated these handicaps and put in better machines, until at last we were putting on shows that would look pretty well in Webb City, Mo.

The job of showing motion pictures to the troops abroad was handled by the Community Motion Picture Bureau of New York, and to them belongs the credit. They tackled a hard job and put it over. They put on the pictures for the different welfare organizations under contract, so that all a Y. M. C. A. hut or Salvation Army tent had to do was to advertise "Movies To-night," and their troubles were over. The Community Motion Picture Bureau was the one that had to walk the floor and tear its hair.

The writer can only say in this respect that when he went over he was comparatively well thatched, but when he came back no one but his wife knew the old homestead. We doubt if any other person gave more sofa cushions to his country than we did. We were never a handsome author, and now with this handicap people rarely or never ask us for something to wear in their lockets. In fact, search as you will, inquire as you may, you will find very few of our pictures in the lockets of art lovers. But to return to France. When we were going full blast, we were putting on 4,600 motion picture shows a week for the American troops. Admission was not charged. This is

the world's record for showing motion pictures, and the writer is proud to have had a small part in it. It was almost worth the hair!

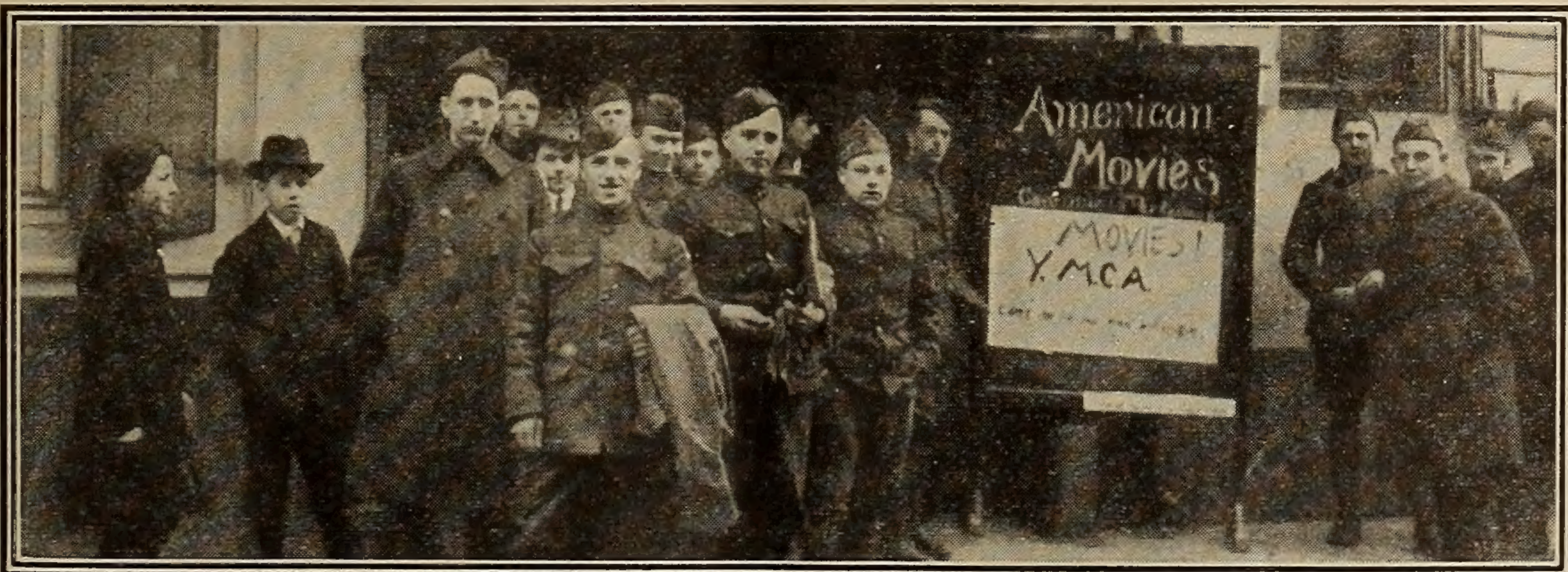
We tried out everything — English, French, Italian and American stories. The last named were the ones that got the hands. We tried some French comedies, and they would have gone well except the boys didn't know they were comedies. If we had played them up as tragedies, we might have got away with it. We don't like their comedies, but they like ours. The comedian that fills their theaters is Charlie Chaplin, except that they do not call him that. To the French he is simply "Charlot." Thousands in France do not know him by any other name. If they heard someone speak of Mr. Chaplin, they wouldn't know who it was he meant. Of all the films his most popular one was "Shoulder Arms." It was Charlie and it was war. The combination knocked them cold, especially the camouflage scene.

We kept our films as far forward as we could, but the commanding officers would not let us go too far, because to show a light was to invite disaster. An aeroplane would come over, see the light and sail away again. Back pretty soon would come a bombing plane and drop a bomb. That is no way to close a show. The old-fashioned way of letting them walk out is better.

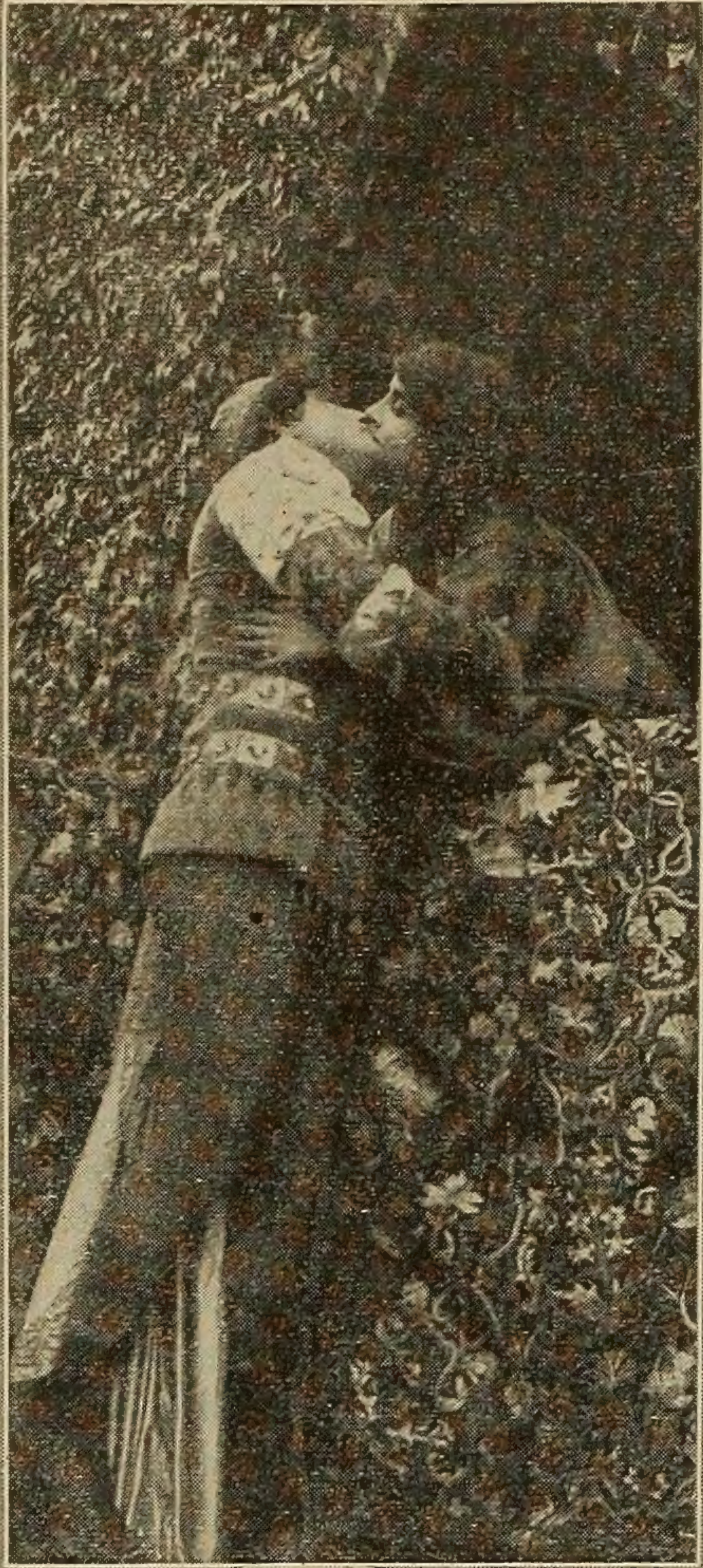
When the troops marched into Germany, we kept up with them, and sometimes we got into a town first. We would string a light-trough, and the boys would be able to write the first letter home in weeks.

As we marched into Germany, we took over the German theaters and put our own shows in them. The German theater owners did not like this, although they were getting paid for their theaters. They had a way, after the show, of slipping back to the projection room, disconnecting the lamps and cutting the wires, so that when our men came stumbling back in the dark they would pick up a live wire. This happened once too often, and suddenly one day a German theater proprietor found himself in the Rhine. The Rhine is a beautiful stream, but it is no place to be in January! And it is our deduction that when he came out he wanted to confine his interest in the classic stream to the shore, as his teeth sounded like Jack Dempsey trying to play the harpsichord. You could hear them clear to Toledo.

That was the end of the curative waters. After that we had no more trouble with exposed wires, and our shows went without a hitch.



*The Touch that held them to home.*



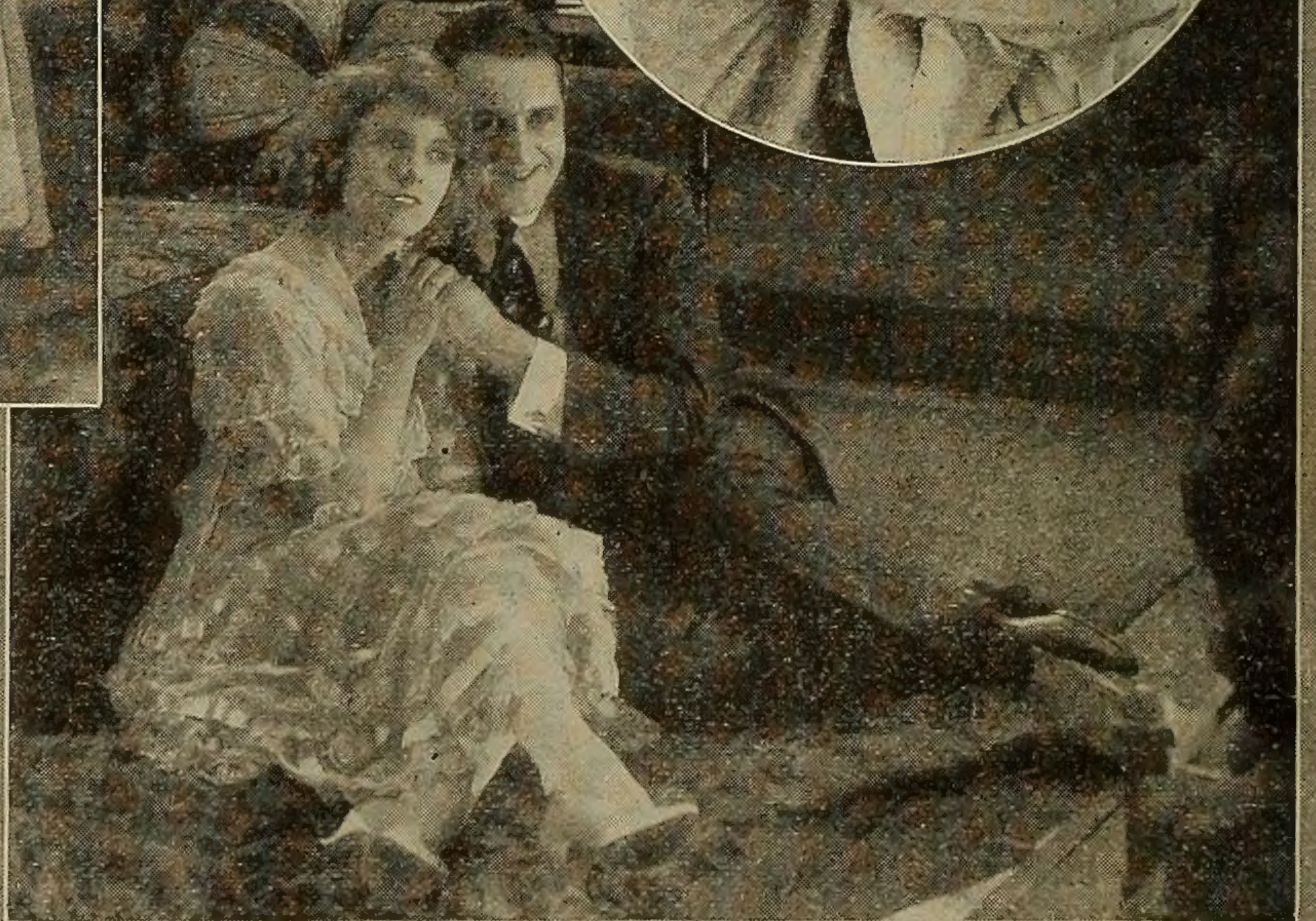
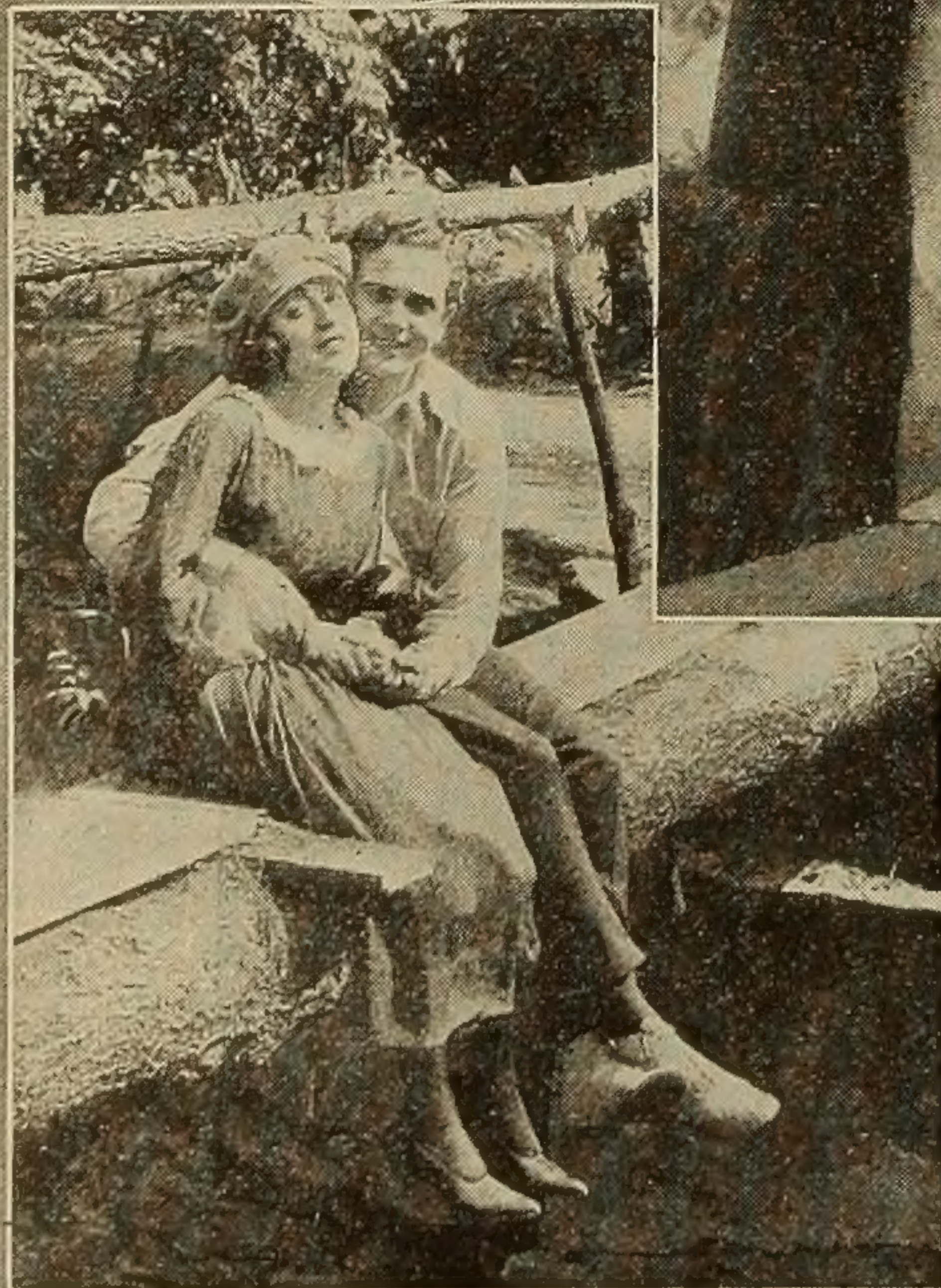
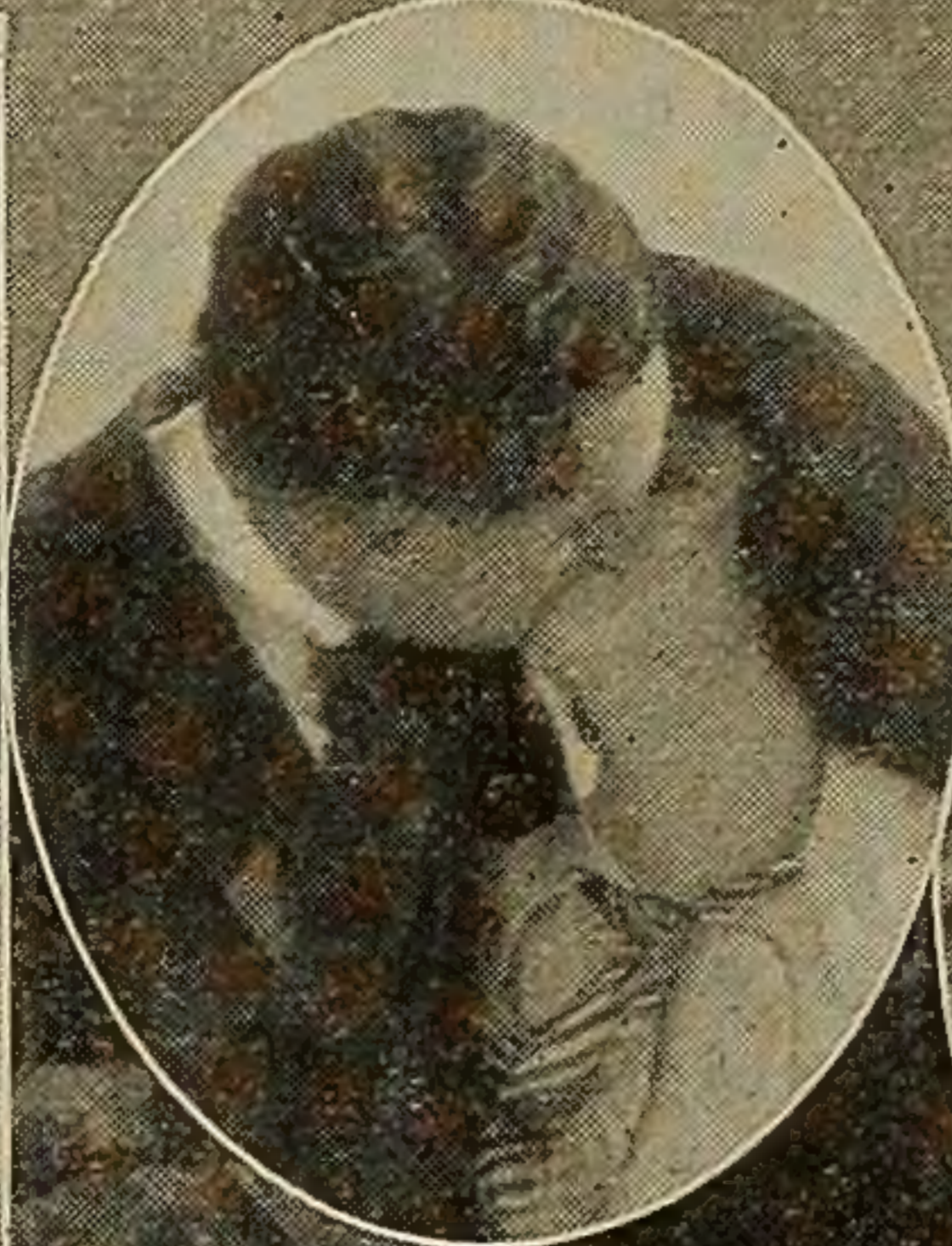
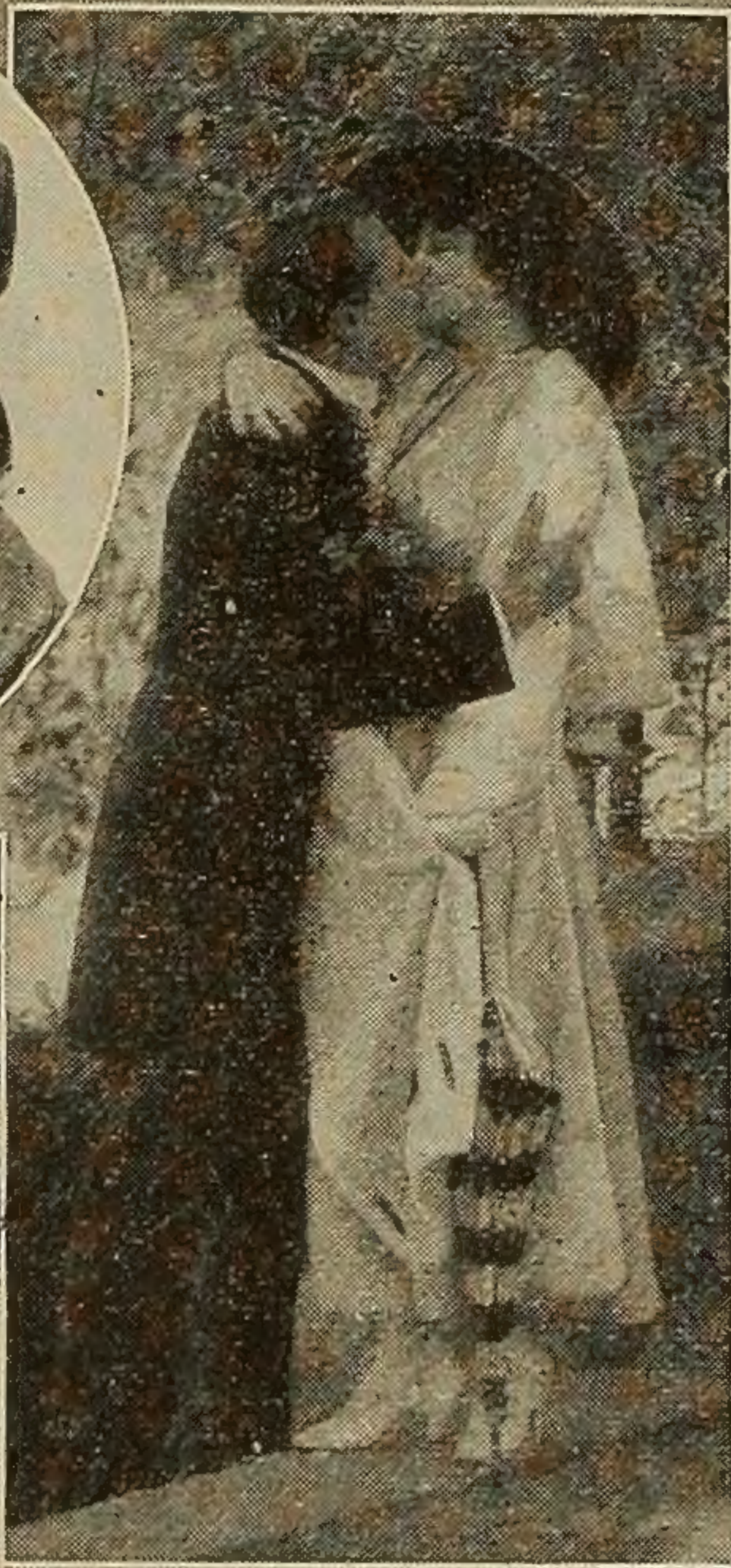
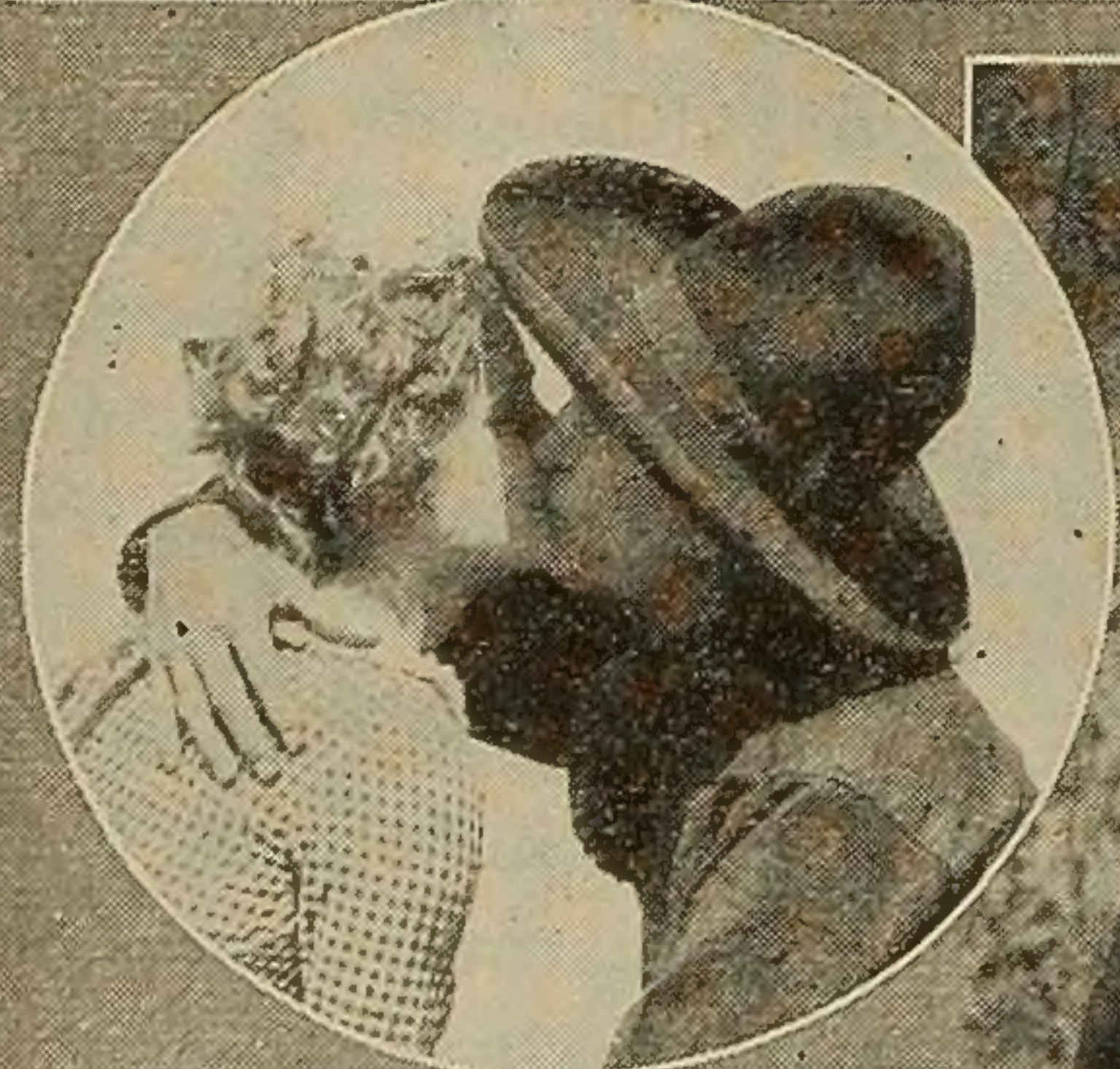
### The Movie Hero

**H**E'S handsome to look at, he's graceful and fair,  
He's built like an athlete and wears wavy hair;  
His clothes are the best the producer can buy,  
And he's always attractive to feminine eye.  
He puts in his time making love to some dame,  
Who is dainty and pretty and has a French name;  
The film always ends with the pair in a clinch,  
And the rascal gets *paid* for it—oh, what a cinch!

Now I can see why actors have to draw cash  
Before they'll fall over a cliff with a crash,  
And it doesn't take brains for a fellow to see  
That a man should be paid ere he fractures his knee  
In a dive from a window. It's worth a great deal  
To take all the chances in that sort of reel;  
But why should he draw a big salary check  
For letting a girl throw her arms round his neck?

Now I'm not an actor, but this I know well:  
In that end-of-the-film stuff my work would be swell.  
I'm good in a porch swing; I'm very much there  
In making the girls say, "Stop mussing my hair!"  
So it gets my angora to see on the screen  
A dainty young doll nestling calm and serene  
In the arms of some clothes-horse who's drawing a fee.  
Just give me the job, and I'll do his work *free*!

—David B. Weller.



# Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

IF "The Fear Woman," Goldwyn's latest release, is meant as a timely argument for the Prohibition party, its ridiculous inconsistencies are quite in keeping with the vague logic of the "Drys." The story shows a wealthy young woman, the only child of a widowed father. Father's fear is "drink." He has struggled vainly to overcome his weakness. One evening, having imbibed a bit freely, he falls down the stairs and is killed. The daughter had previously become happily engaged to a quite charming young man. But father was not satisfied to quit this vale of tears without wishing misery on those he leaves behind him. He leaves a letter for his daughter, in which he tells her of the curse of drink that has run for so many generations in his family. He urges her to consider thoughtfully what this might mean, should she marry, to any children that might be born to her. They would surely grow up to be little drunkards. A terrible fear seizes the young woman—not a fear that she herself might become a liquor addict, but that her children might. She really believes she has more power than God, in that she could transmit from the past generations to the future ones an excessive indulgence in liquor. So, to save the innocent unborn, she puts marriage out of her life. Her lover brokenheartedly departs to a distant land, to lose himself in work.

The woman seems to divert herself by donning numerous attractive costumes. She becomes apparently quite athletic. She tennises and horsebacks. She also performs some heroics in shielding, to her own hurt afterward, the questionable conduct of a woman friend. She flirts with *Bubbles*, the fat boy. *Bubbles*'s oil-wealthy mother doesn't like it and calls in her attorney to help nip in the bud her son's mad infatuation. Of course, attorney, when he arrives, proves to be none other than the *Fear Woman*'s renounced young lover. Later, a party is in order. There are many guests, among whom are the *Fear Woman*, attorney lover and *Bubbles*. *Bubbles* imbibes a bit freely and announces his engagement to *Fear Woman*. Now comes the crucial moment. *Fear Woman* begins to drink hard liquid! Shush! Everyone was wise (in the theater). She becomes intoxicated. *Bubbles* becomes disgusted and flees. Old-time lover does become disgusted and does not flee. *Fear Woman* gets it all at a glance.



LINDA A. GRIFFITH

*Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.*

She laughs—ha, ha! 'Twas only grape juice that she drank, and her intoxication was feigned. But in that moment, in some mysterious way, she had peered far into the future and satisfied herself that her children would not grow up to be drunkards after all. The audience surely could not tell, for, as far as it could see, the children were still unborn.

But perhaps being at a party and being strong-minded enough to pass up the Cliquot or Chateau La Fite for Father Bryan's grape juice, *Fear Woman* became satisfied that the taint had died. As she apparently has never been much worried about any such weakness in herself, but only in her power to transmit the curse to the innocent unborn, the *Fear Woman*'s logic is beyond the normal mind to fathom. No doubt she suddenly grew weary of silly, unreal problems. A human loneliness probably got the better of her scruples, and she no longer felt like passing up faithful old lover because of the ridiculous warnings and prophecies of dear departed father. A lover's embrace closes the picture. Pauline Frederick, who plays the name part, is past the kittenish age. Neither is she of the type to play with puppy dogs and coyly toy with the ribbons that dangle from her pretty hat.

## Chaplin's "Sunny" Not So Funny

The long-awaited Chaplin picture, "Sunnyside," did not prove to be very sunny nor very funny, but it is worth seeing all the same. Not often has the king of comedians failed to amuse his public. This time he does, except in spots. But with the long-record of successes to Mr. Chaplin's credit, the disappointment of "Sunnyside" can be easily borne by his numerous admirers. The writer has always contended that Charles Chaplin is no mere low comedy clown. He is an artist. As such he must continue to do better and better work. He can do it. Of that there is no question, but he must have stories. Let someone write a screen comedy worthy of Chaplin's art as a screen comedian, and the motion picture public will see something it can never forget, and motion picture art will advance to a new high level.

## Bacon's Chance

Frank Bacon tells the story of how he almost sold "Lightnin'" for \$700 to a movie producer. No doubt

Mr. Bacon will in some not too remote day appear in a picture version of his great success. When he does, he will probably get 70 times \$700 for the screen rights of his delightful play. According to prices paid for rights of successful Broadway plays, the sky should be the limit.

### The Dawn of Understanding

"The Uplifters," arranged from a story by Wallace Irwin that was published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is interesting and timely. It tells a story of Parlor Bull-sheviki that has more truth than poetry about it. There is satire that is delightful, and on the whole the picture is a thoroughly enjoyable one. To be noted with interest is the fact that the screen for once shows a wealthy young man who is not full of sin and is not a dissipated and immoral wretch. He does not lie in wait to seduce his father's stenographer, as most rich men's sons (in the movies) do. He genuinely loves the girl and marries her. There have been altogether too many films showing the rich as dissolute, wicked, ungenerous and lustful. The poor have always been idealized, no matter what their sins. The simple fact of having money meant a total lack of virtue. This story of "The Uplifters" makes mighty fine present-day propaganda, especially now that so few homes are without a Bolsheviki. Counting the iceman and the laundress, most homes can boast of two.

### The Methodists and the Movies

Anyone who knows a Methodist knows that they do not approve of dancing, card playing or going to the theater, and a conscientious Methodist never participates in any of the above worldly pleasures. We all know that they go to the movies. They can view the film dramas with the satisfying sanction of their church. If "Daddy Long Legs" as a spoken play, with Mary Pickford (in the flesh) impersonating *Judy Abbott*, were showing at a theater, a good Methodist would not view the play. Were a cinema version of "Daddy Long Legs," with Mary Pickford (her screen self) disporting as *Judy Abbott*, showing at a near-by theater, the Methodists would all be there. Nor need the motion picture be of the highly virtuous flavor of "Daddy Long Legs" nor the heroine reflect the girlish innocence and sweetness of a Pickford. I would hazard a bet that more than one Methodist had seen Theda Bara, Pauline Frederick or Virginia Pearson. Certainly they are not told just what pictures they may see, and a choice that runs from "Pollyanna" and "Peg O' My Heart" to "Zaza" and "Where Are My Children?" would offer quite a variety.

Most reformers, outside the Methodists, believe the screen far more influential in leading frail humans to a life of sin or crime than the theater. The Methodist, forbidding the theater, must believe it to be the more influential. One reads continually in the dailies of the screen's pernicious effect on young boys and girls, who become the object of the court's attention through wrongdoing induced by witnessing (as the youths always swear) motion pictures. Has anyone ever heard of a young girl who took to a life of sin because she had seen Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way" or Mary Nash in "The Man Who Came Back"? Has anyone ever heard of a young miss who, after having seen "Pollyanna," became so boresomely

sweet you wouldn't want to live with her? Why do Methodists go to the movies and look with disdain upon the theater? Surely a great play influences the thinking mind more than the average movie, for the average movie would put a thinking mind to sleep through sheer boredom. The writer asked a Methodist for an explanation. The answer is simple. The Methodist Discipline, which was written many years before the movie was born, forbids, among other modern diversions, the *theater*. Now the question arises—Would the Discipline forbid the movies were the Discipline to be written to-day? There is some talk of its being revised. It would be quite in line with ruling modern thought of to-day if, instead of broadening this antiquated rule and permitting the theater, the restrictions were narrowed and the motion picture made "taboo." We live in an age of reform.

### Interpreting the Movies

According to the branch manager of Selects's Exchange, at St. Louis, small boys in Herrin, Ill., are paid to go to the movies. They are paid to go as interpreters of movie sub-titles to the large class of older Italians there who have not mastered the English language, but have succumbed to the lure of the movies. This same state of affairs can often be observed in the motion picture houses of San Francisco, in which city there is such a large Italian population. It is a cause of great annoyance to the adjacent spectators. The movies should use an Esperanto. Better yet, they should tell their stories without sub-titles and be just what they are termed—"moving pictures."

### Feature the Author

Gertrude Atherton, speaking of Eminent Authors Pictures, says the author is to be featured instead of the actor. That is easier said than done. A playwright or scenario-wright, as far as the general public is concerned, is of no particular interest. They want the good stories, but the interest is in the star. The actor or actress is the ever-present personality, the one the public sees, whether in the flesh or as a flickering shadow on the screen. Fay Bainter is known the country wide as the winsome Chinese girl in "East Is West," but not many people could tell you who wrote the play. No one would be the least bit interested in seeing the authors' pictures in the paper, nor would the movie fan. A movie star's picture could be run every day in the week. Her pictures are cut out of magazines by thousands of loving admirers and framed when the 25 cents is not to be had for an autographed one. Few producers except David Belasco have been able to keep in the limelight, and David Griffith is the only motion picture director who has successfully starred himself. The motion picture public is made up of so many children and young folks, and they have no interest in the author. Perhaps now that the Eminent Authors are on the job, we may have theaters that advertise pictures for intelligent adults and show pictures for intelligent adults. Many old-time followers of the movies, in utter discouragement at the piffling quality of most of the motion pictures of to-day, have given them up as a bad lot; but if they felt a little sincerity were to be injected in picture production, they would gladly return to the fold.

# The Five---Count Them!---Senses



SIGHT

TASTE



HEARING



SMELL



TOUCH



Specially posed for Film Fun by Arthur  
Ashley, World Film Star.



*You'd suppose Mme. Nazimova's car would be terribly spectacular, but it isn't.*

## Stars and

Written and Illustrated

SOMEONE with a sense of humor once sprung a Biblical paraphrase about movie stars, to the effect that "by their cars ye shall know them." He was alluding, no doubt, to a belief that the prevailing fashion in Cinemaland decrees that film stars shall paint their cars to match their temperament—and in that case some very motley effects would result.

We wouldn't get personal for the world, and, besides, according to our personal observation, the gentleman who quoted the above was wrong; but we will have to admit that Los Angeles does have some rather startling four-wheelers on her more or less fair streets—and it takes something to startle Los Angeles at that.

When Fannie Ward was in the West, she had a limousine of a most ethereal lavender, and it was upholstered inside with a peacock design in which the prevailing shades were purple and green. Ruth Roland had until recently a car of vivid Killarney green, and to guard against it being mistaken for anyone else's, her name was emblazoned on the sides. Tom Mix, when he feels like "seeing red," drives around in a flame-colored vehicle that would put to shame the most blushing lobster that ever graced a boiling pot; and Dustin Farnum has a car which in color reminds one of the jaundice, and which has so much

speed that, when it is in full motion, no one can tell the color. One merely wonders what that was that went by.

But we are not saying that these more or less vivid-

*Mary MacLaren's car matches her eyes, being of a heavenly shade of blue.*



ly shaded cars express their owners' temperament—far be it from such! According to that, Sessue Hayakawa and his little butterfly wife, Tsuru Aoki, should drive about in a car with a bamboo top and upholstered in Japanese crape; but they don't. They have a mild-

appearing sedan which is chauffeured by a gentleman from Japan, and one has to look twice before one realizes that the perfectly dressed lady and gentleman in the back are the renowned Oriental film star and starette.

Mary Pickford, by rights, ought to have a pink and blue roadster trimmed with baby ribbons and Kewpies, with a dash of yellow somewhere about to match her curls; but she doesn't. She has a severely smart limousine, done entirely in gray, and the car, which she drives herself and which she calls a "flivver," notwithstanding the fact that it is a Cadillac something or other, does not reflect her personality a-tall! It is quite as deceiving as Mary herself is, for, when she appears in public, her curls are put up out of sight, her dress takes on a most grown-up effect, and it is very rarely that anyone recognizes her—not even the traffic cops know who it is that they tell so severely to "Get back, lady! You can't cross now!"

Pauline Frederick's car doesn't look a bit emotional or tragic. It is battleship gray and has long, svelte lines—well, in that respect, of course, it does resemble the lovely Pauline; but she calls it—you'd never guess—"Gertrude"! There are times, she admits, when she calls it something even worse.

*Dainty May Allison "drives her own," to paraphrase a cigarette advertisement.*



# Their Cars

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

*Mary Pickford has a smart limousine, done in gray, which she drives herself.*

Viola Dana, being petite and ingenuish, ought to have a cunning little car to match—if cars *did* match; but she, like Mrs. D. W. Griffith, has a luxurious Cadillac Sedan, upholstered in gray and black plush, and she uses it as a dressing room, lunch room and sleeping room when she's out on location.

Mary MacLaren drives her own car, a Franklin, I think she said it was, and if I'm right, the Franklin people will please remit for the publicity. It does match Mary's eyes, being of a heavenly shade of blue, and the top is of mottled gray that makes a perfect setting.

Nell Shipman is a born mechanical expert and can repair anything on the car from a flat tire to a burned-out bearing. Baree, her best-beloved dog, is on the job constantly as assistant driver and mascot, and I should hate to be the motor cop who would hail Miss Shipman without due respect and consideration.

Dainty May Allison, of the Metro studio, "drives her own," to paraphrase a well-known cigarette advertisement; but it doesn't look a bit like her, except that it always has an optimistic shine about it—caught, doubtless, from May's radiant smile—and it is always willing to do anything at any time—another of its owner's characteristics.

You'd suppose that Mme. Nazimova's car would be terribly spectacular—you wouldn't be surprised to learn that it was hung with costly silks from the Orient and had little jeweled lanterns for head-

*Nell Shipman and Baree, her assistant driver and mascot.*



lights; but, again, it isn't—and it hasn't. Nazimova doesn't drive; she sits tucked away in the back seat, looking quite infinitesimal in the luxurious recess of the big car, and no one would ever dream that the little lady dressed so unob-

trusively was the great Nazimova. It is sometimes difficult for the public to divorce the screen personality from the real one of a favorite star.

Wanda Hawley has an Auburn Special which, she complains, is never in condition to use, as Friend Husband owns a garage, and he has a habit of taking out Wanda's car to tow in parties who have sent an S O S call.

Douglas Fairbanks is, of course, his own driver, but it's hard to determine what kind of a car he has, since he changes his mind—and the model—on an average of once a month.

Charlie Chaplin has a Jap chauffeur and a car that hides him effectively when he goes out, for the world's greatest comedian has a horror of being pointed out as such. Once some fellow-motorist did spot him—he was driving his own car at the time—and began following him; another car joined in the procession, and in a few moments another tagged along. By the time that Charlie realized that he was not alone upon the highway, he had an attendant train of no less than eight cars.

It took him a half hour to shake off his pursuers, and ever since that time he has let a chauffeur do the driving.

"I felt like a circus parade," said Charlie.

*Viola Dana uses her Cadillac Sedan as a dressing room.*



# "The Lion's Den," Another Word for Business



1. The Rev. Sam decides that the need of the town boys is a club of their own.



2. For the boys' club building fund, Stedman, the tightwad grocer, contributes all of \$25.



3. With the boys' aid and co-operation, the minister's venture in business is a sensational success.

## By Way of Synopsis

The Rev. Sam Webster (Bert Lytell) seeks to raise money to build a boys' club for his town. His efforts are not successful, and when Stedman, the leading grocer, gives him a check for but \$25, the minister determines to get the money in another way. He goes into the grocery business himself, and, with the aid of the boys, drums up such a trade that Stedman becomes alarmed for his. Taking desperate measures, Stedman has the young minister put out of his church for his "commercialism." One night the Stedman store catches fire, and the boys, led by the clergyman, save the place from ruin. Ashamed of his former attitude, Stedman offers to build the club; more, offers to take the dominie into partnership. P.S. The minister marries Stedman's daughter.



4. So much so, that Stedman, his rival in groceries, has Rev. Sam removed from his pulpit charge.



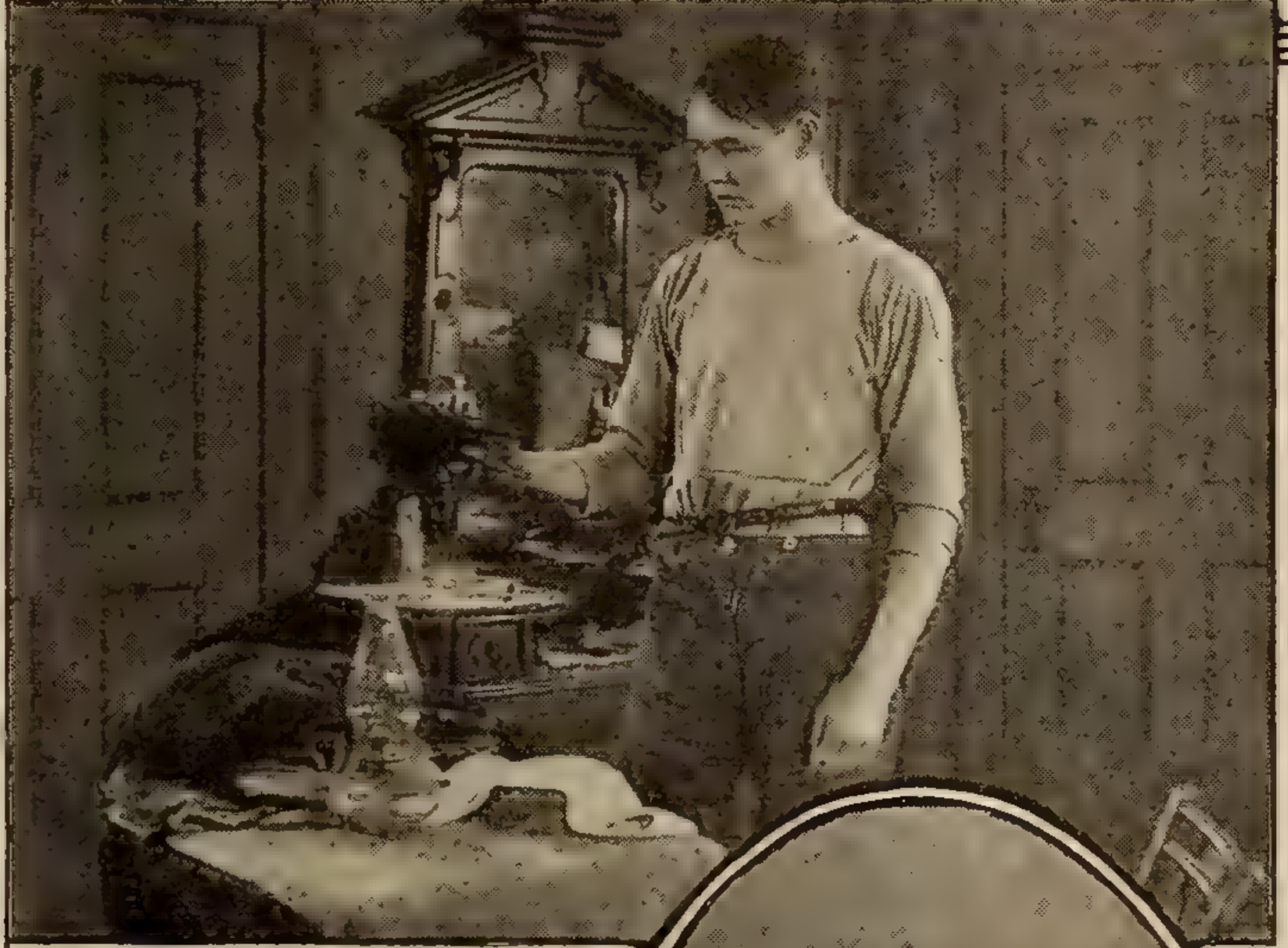
MEIRO

5. Fire in Stedman's grocery. Also "coals of fire." The Rev. Sam, aided by the boys, have the blaze out by the time the town department arrives. The Chief of the department is registering surprise.



6. The ideally happy ending: Stedman, radiating benevolence, agrees to build the boys' club; his daughter hugs him for that and also because his objections to the minister as a son-in-law have been removed.

# "Hay Foot, Straw Foot," an Echo of the War



1. *Ulysses is shown how they did it back in the Civil War days.*

2. *Off to lick the Kaiser, the boy receives his granddad's '61 outfit.*



## A Glimpse of the Story

*Ulysses S. Grant Briggs* (Charles Ray) is a farm boy, brought up by his grandfather, a Union veteran. When the war with Germany breaks out, the latter patches up his feud with *Jeff Hanan*, a Confederate vet and neighbor, and together they sic *U. S. Grant Briggs* on the Kaiser. The boy's greenness makes him a joke at training camp, but smitten with *Betty Martin*, a girl who dances professionally, he is the ultimate hero of an act of fine chivalry. He saves *Betty* from the clutches of *Harry Weller*, and is himself court-martialed for going to a forbidden roadhouse, where he knew the girl was imprisoned. Tried by the M. P., he refuses explanation, but *Betty* confesses that his silence is to save her. The officer congratulates *Ulysses* on being a gentleman as well as a soldier.

3. *At the camp entertainment, Ulysses proves that a correspondence course is no way to learn magic.*

4. *At the forbidden roadhouse, Ulysses having followed Weller and his prey, Betty.*



5. *The court-martial. Ulysses persists in silence; he will not clear himself at the expense of Betty whom he saved from a ruffian. He was found at the roadhouse by the M. P.*

6. *Betty (in the background) about to rush forward with her confession. When Ulysses is cleared, his grandfather declares that General Grant himself could not have done better.*

# Celluloid Celebrities

By M. L. E.



Mary MacLaren indulges in her favorite whim, croquet, between working hours at the studio.



"Quit Blackstone for Touchstone" Neal Burns' director tells him. Neal studies law in odd moments.



Jim Corbett likes croquet, too, as a studio diversion, but prefers to shoot it, pool fashion.



Monroe Salisbury, in his "hours of ease," seeks the briny deep, not for inspiration, but for fish.

**I**F we could peep into Mary Pickford's mail bag some day without fear of difficulty with the Federal authorities, we would get an even better idea than we have now of the little star's popularity in this and foreign countries.

She is in daily receipt of letters from all over the world—from Sweden, Russia, Africa, Australia, and even Iceland. And none of the "fan" letters are more quaintly worded or express more unbounded admiration for her and her art than do those from the Flowery Kingdom of Japan—and the letters she receives from there are very flowery.

One from an admirer in Tokio smacks of vers libre and futuristic poetry and is to the effect that—

"My Dear Mrs. Pickford.  
I cannot write English well. Please read me. I can very like a  
Kinemato-graph and sometime I go to see.  
One day I went to the park, and saw your art.  
Flowers the like roses in the kinematograph and I do  
Consider it the world over the queen.  
I very like your art that is pretty.  
It is welcome in every part of the world.  
Is your arts welcome to many people in the Japan.  
Please give me your photo and letter.  
I am in the end to pray to a deity your health and happy.  
Bloom cherry's from Japan.  
I love you.  
You are a cheerful woman.  
I like the cheerful woman.  
I am to desire earnestly.

An intimate friend of Yours."

**P**RISCILLA DEAN owns up to having three hobbies—hats, shoes and cooking. In her wardrobe closet there is a tier of drawers devoted especially to chapeaux, and there is an overflow meeting on the top shelves. There are big hats and small hats, droopy hats and close-fitting hats. The latest arrival in the "lid family," as Priscilla calls the miscellany of headgear, is a small black straw turban with a jet pin sticking saucily out above one ear.

"I don't care much about the 'in-between' part of my wardrobe," says Priscilla, "if I can just have enough hats and shoes."

As to the other part of her hobby, Priscilla tells this on herself:

"A newspaper man met me out at the studio and said to me: 'I imagine that you're the kind of girl who curls up in a rocker and eats chocolates when she gets home.' I said nothing to the contrary, because, you know, you must let newspaper people believe what they please about you. But the next day he came to interview me at my house—and when I opened the door, he thought at first glimpse that I was the maid. I had been baking biscuits, and I had had trouble with the oven, so I was mottled alternately with flour and soot. I took him out in the kitchen, and we finished the biscuits and the interview there. Next to making biscuits I like making fudge; but mother says you can't call that really cooking. She says it's just fussing around!"

OUT at Universal City a most exciting and what threatened at first to be a fruitless search for a pair of twins has finally been ended through newspaper methods.

Dorothy Phillips plays a dual role in her latest feature, "The Right to Happiness," and had need of a pair of twin girls to take the part of the Russian sisters when they were children. The casting director made known his needs at every cinema exchange in the city, and though there were plenty of twins to be had, no pair filled the specific requirements, i.e., that they be girls, both dark and foreign-looking, and not older than three years.

Then Ham Beal, head of the Publicity Department, got on the job. He had been in the newspaper game for many years and knew the tricks of the trade. He got the birth records of Los Angeles County for three years ago, went through them systematically for twins of the feminine gender, and sent automobiles out to locate the addresses given. It proved a long and tiresome job. Most of the families had moved away, or else the twins were blondes and thus unavailable. When the twin crop of Los Angeles County had been exhausted, neighboring counties were subjected to the same minute search; and at last, in Alhambra, the twins were discovered, Rachel and Esther Molene, daughters of Russo-Italian parents, and just three years old.

Now the twins are on the Universal lot, portraying the childhood of Dorothy Phillips, who takes the "grown-up" roles herself, and all is well.

There's nothing like having a newspaper brain, says Ham Beal.

It is rumored that Bill Hart and Anne Little are going to collaborate in writing a popular song, with some

such title as "Down Beneath the Sheltering Yucca," or "Carrie, My Cactus Queen."

When the company was on the desert getting locations for "Square Deal Sanderson," Hart got the inspiration for such a song, as he claimed that every kind of wooing had been exploited, from moonlight serenades in Venice to Hula Hula love-making on the beach at Waikiki; but the possibilities of the yucca, sage brush and cactus have been overlooked.

"The trouble is," objected Anne, "methods of wooing on the desert are so restricted. You can't bask in the shade of the yucca, because it doesn't give a shade; you can't sit down and talk it over on the cushion of a cactus, because it's darn prickly sitting; and if you offered your adored one a bouquet of sage brush, she'd probably send you a healthy rattlesnake in return. Anyhow," Anne finished, "you can't find a word that will rhyme with 'yucca.'"

"Oh, yes," replied Bill Hart thoughtfully; "there's 'stuck-a.'"

MARY MACLAREN'S favorite sport, besides motoring, is playing croquet, and she has a fine lawn set out in front of her dressing-room at Universal, where she can indulge in her whim between hours of working.

Jim Corbett, who makes serials at Universal, also uses Mary's croquet grounds occasionally, but he plays in a way all his own. He insists on handling the mallet handle like a billiard cue, and in putting the balls through the wickets with a reverse English. He's ruining the morale of the place, says Mary MacLaren.

(Continued on page 38)



Pauline Frederick answers her own "fan letters" instead of letting a secretary do it.



The twins who were located after a month's search in Los Angeles for a "special type."

# "When a Feller Needs a Friend"

By "Briggs"

WHEN the opportunity came to enter the motion picture field, I had a lot of new ideas that I thought the public ought to know about. I still have them, in spite of the directors and others of the motion picture world who tried to assure me that MY ideas of what a picture on the screen should be were really a liability, not an asset, so far as they were concerned. With a dozen or more completed films of assorted lengths, I still have the ideas intact, though slightly battered from ill treatment at the cruel hands of directors and things.

When I was just about to begin operations, I sought the advice of a man who was then the head of one of the biggest picture concerns in the country. I told him all about what I had in mind as to what a picture should be in the comedy field and in my particular line of comedy, which is the comedy that comes naturally in showing childhood days in a natural manner. He not only approved of all my thoughts, but assured me that that was what he had been attempting to do for years, but so far had only partly succeeded. He was a bit discouraging when he informed me of all the discouragements I would meet at the hands of those who had been in the game so long that they were making pictures by a formula. He claimed that if I could get 50 per cent. of my own stuff in the films, they would be a success. He held out little hope that I would be able to get more than that. Now that the pictures have "gone over," I am not able to say whether or not it was because of my percentage or the director's. I know there is no doubt in the director's mind as to why they went over.

I have steadily maintained that, to obtain child comedy in particular, one must not



I HAVE THREE SLAVE DRIVERS  
SYNDICATE MANAGER -  
FRIEND WIFE AND JOHNNY  
KELLETTE - DIRECTOR

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seek comedy. Treat the subject in all seriousness, naturally, and the comedy will come in spite of you. The tragedies of childhood appear to us now as comedy, but they must be taken with the camera as tragedy, with all the seriousness of tragedy. I suppose others who have entered the comedy field have said they would never—no, never—yield to the slapstick. That has been my one obsession since going into the game. In other words, I shall not have comedy dragged in by the heels and hold it up to the audience and say, "Now laugh, darn you!" If my audience does not care to laugh at my kind of comedy, it is perfectly all right with me, but I know I shall get a sincere smile and a chuckle that means more than a loud guffaw. I know that I shall never see a film of my own direction that will be entirely satisfactory to me. I hope I never shall; it would be fatal to success. BUT if I can

put over some of the sweetness of childhood in the quaint comedies we have all experienced, I shall feel that I have really given something worth while to the already crowded screen, that will help us all to "carry on."

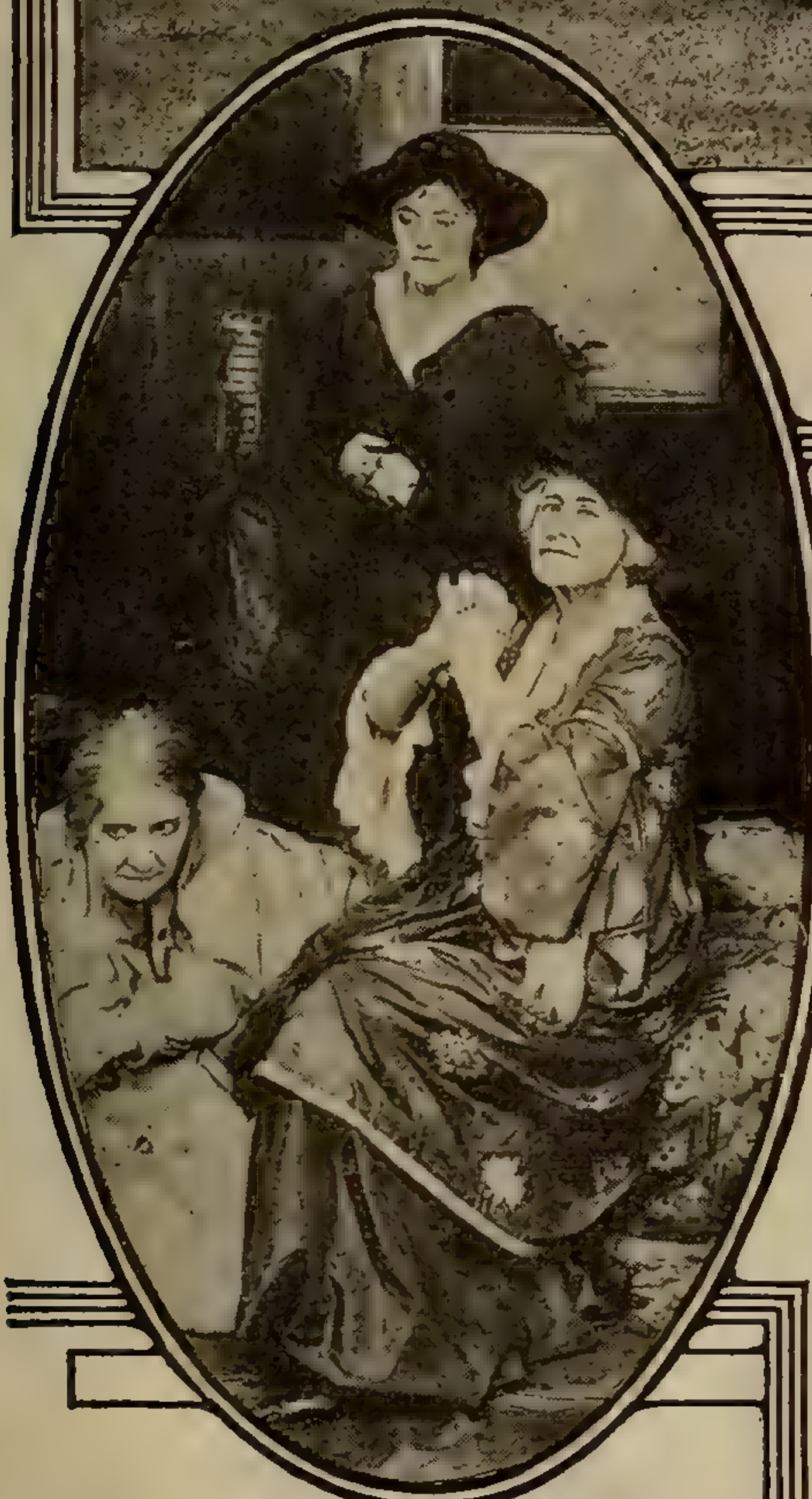


John Carr as "Skinny," Myra Brooks as his mother, in Paramount-Briggs Comedy "The Photo Gallery."

There is a common purpose between the cartoon of the daily paper and the film. Directors have disputed that with me, claiming that methods of presentation are so vastly different that one who is accustomed to making cartoons and dealing directly with the public must realize in the moving picture one must think differently. But to me it is only a difference in mechanics. If the same atmosphere is retained in the film that has made the cartoon popular, I know the public will like it. Pictures is pictures and Public is Public. My reading public is the same public that is to see my work on the screen. If the M. P. Public do not like my

(Continued on page 36)

# Ellen Terry in "Her Greatest Performance"



1. The setting in which Ellen Terry makes her debut in the movies.

2. The son of the old actress discovers that murder has been done.

## The Scenario in Brief

The story is of a young actor who is wrongly accused of murder. His mother, a retired actress (Ellen Terry), is informed by a dying woman, her old "dresser," as to who the real culprit is. The dresser had put her knowledge to profitable use by blackmailing the real murderer. The mother, to obtain her son's release, adopts a remarkable expedient. She garbs herself in the dead woman's clothes, makes up to resemble her, and then proceeds to the culprit's house, with the ostensible object of extracting more blackmail. It is not until the culprit (who is unaware of the dresser's death) hopelessly implicates himself that he awakens in terror to the true identity of the woman before him. Detectives in hiding in a neighboring room do the rest.



3. The actress (Miss Terry) learns from the dying dresser the name of the real culprit.

4. Her son accused, she plans the stratagem by which she hopes to prove his innocence.



5. In the murderer's rooms. Miss Terry impersonates the old blackmailing dresser and secures the proof she sought.



6. The trial scene in a British court room. The son is cleared through the pluck and skill of the mother.

# The Best Thing About These Bathing Girls is



"A camera man is appearing up the beach. All in favor of putting on hats and running for cover, say aye. Motion. All in favor of sticking to it no matter what happens, say aye. Motion. Motion carried by raising the hands. The speaker is smiling. Motion carried."

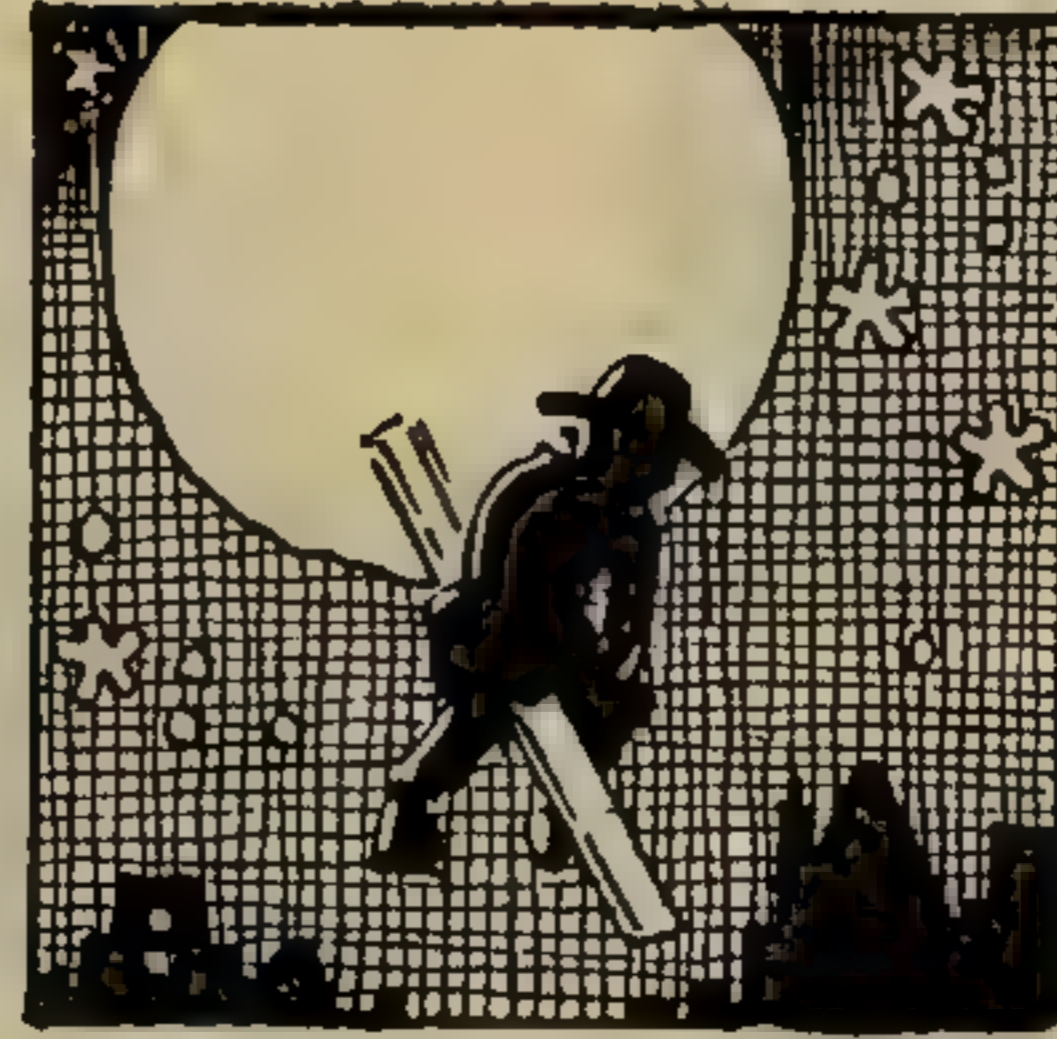
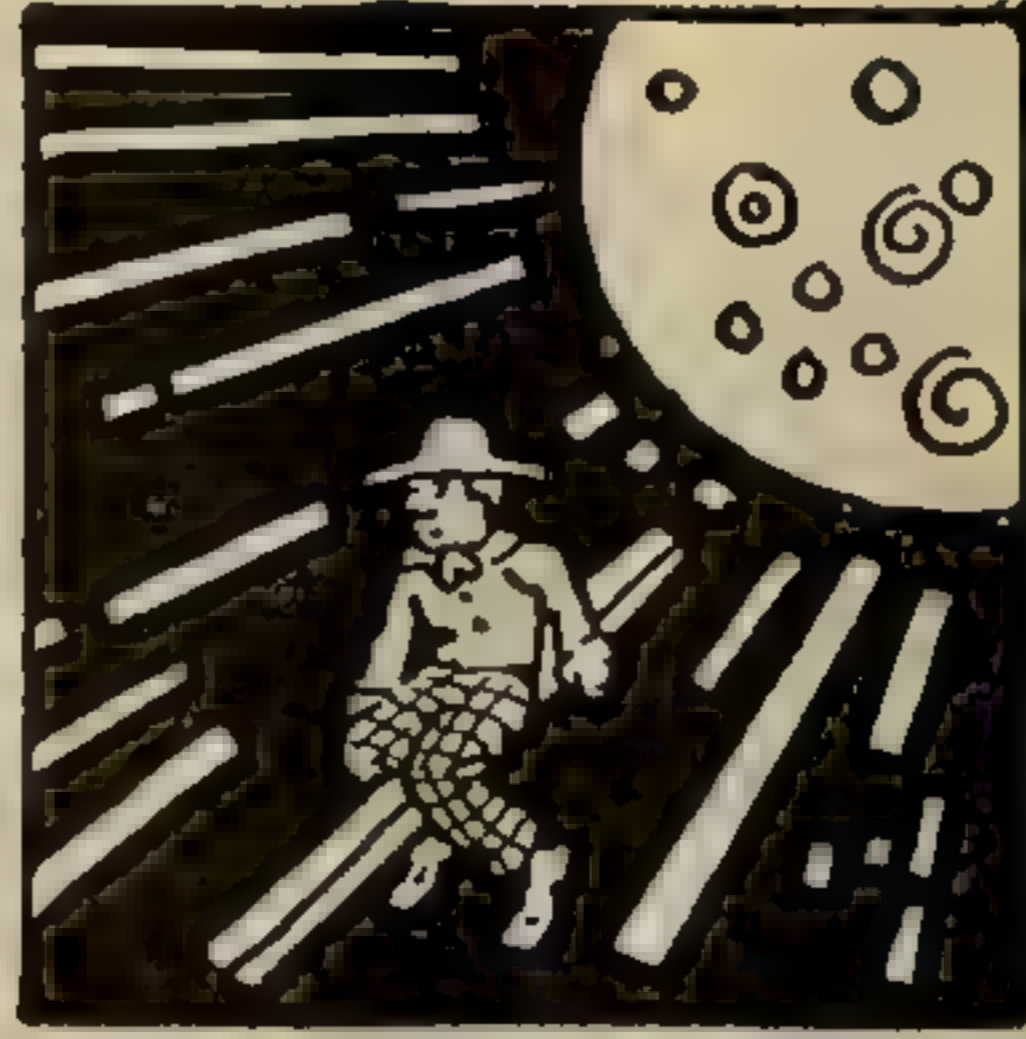
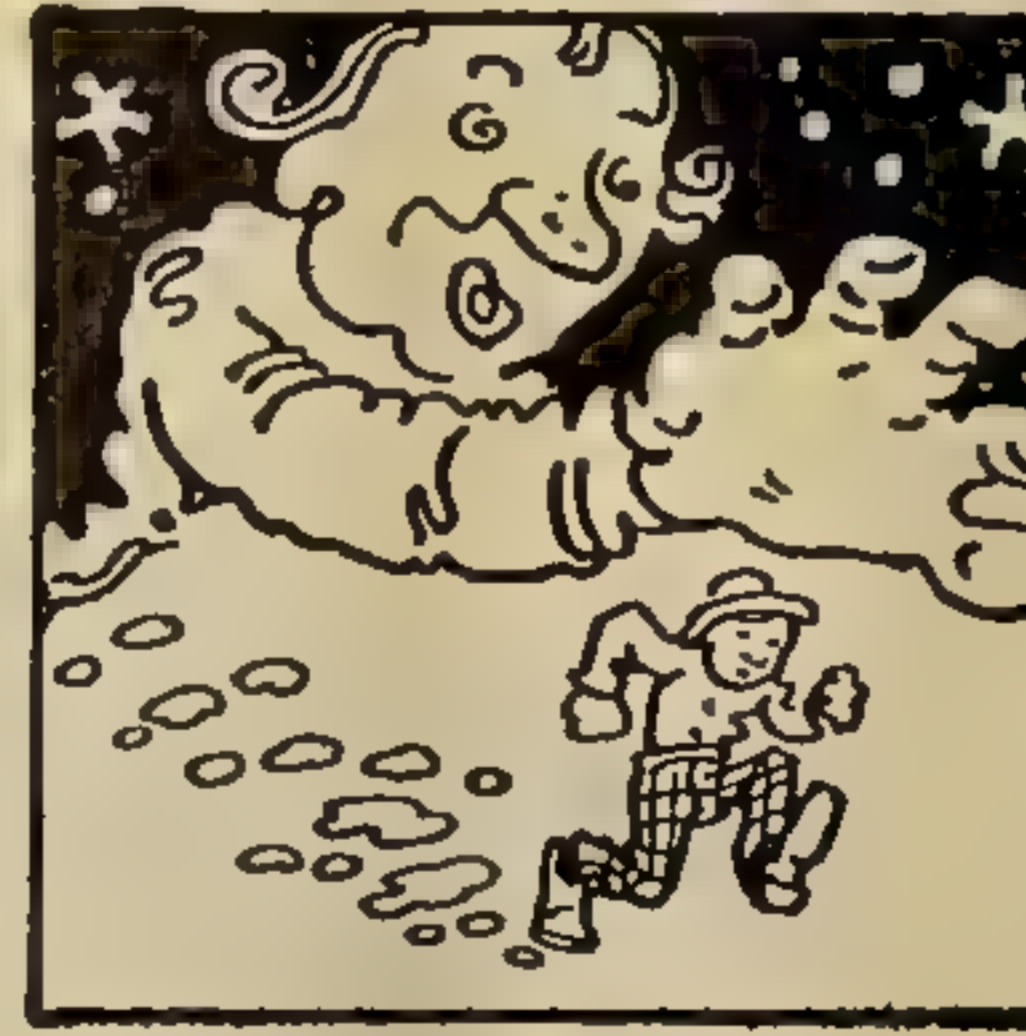
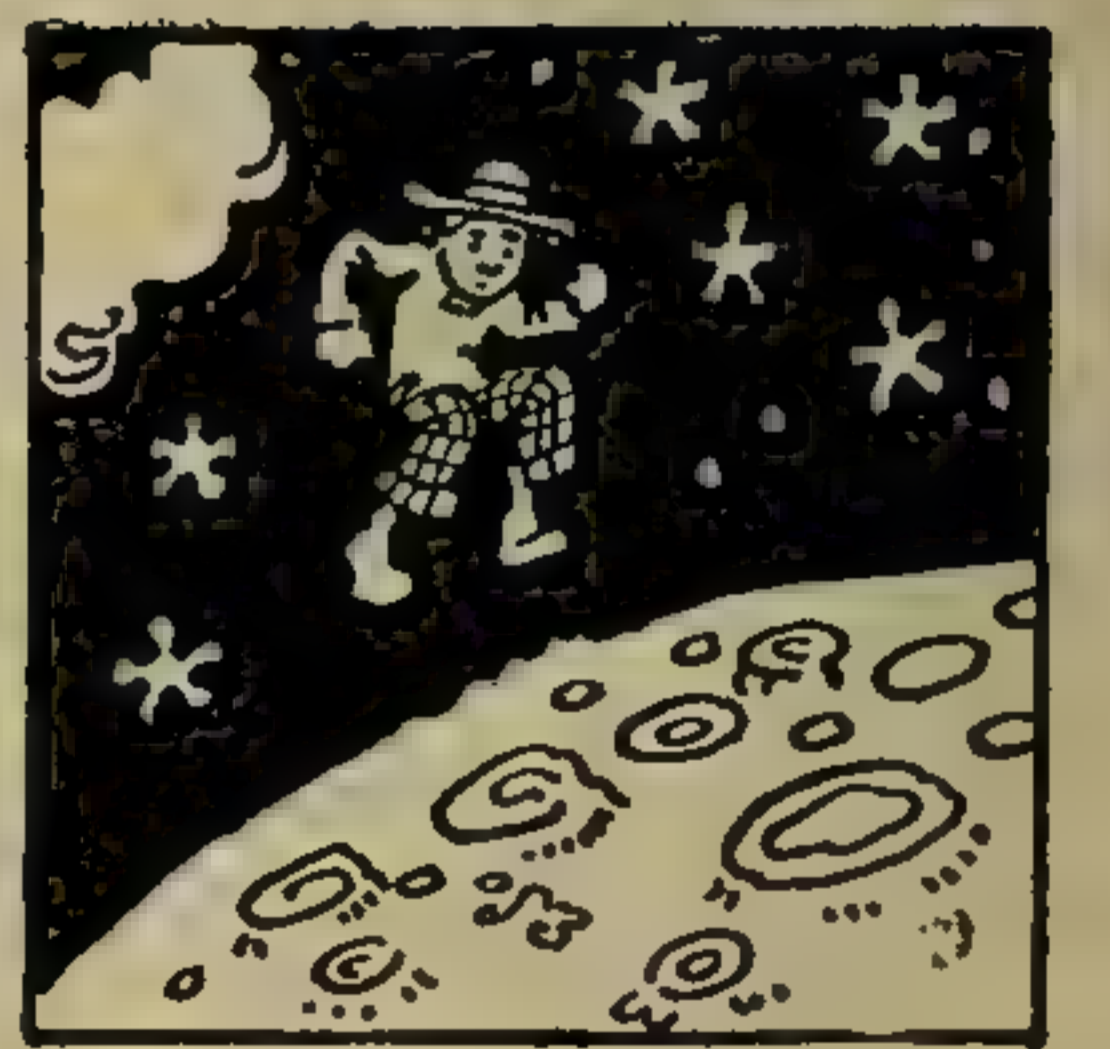
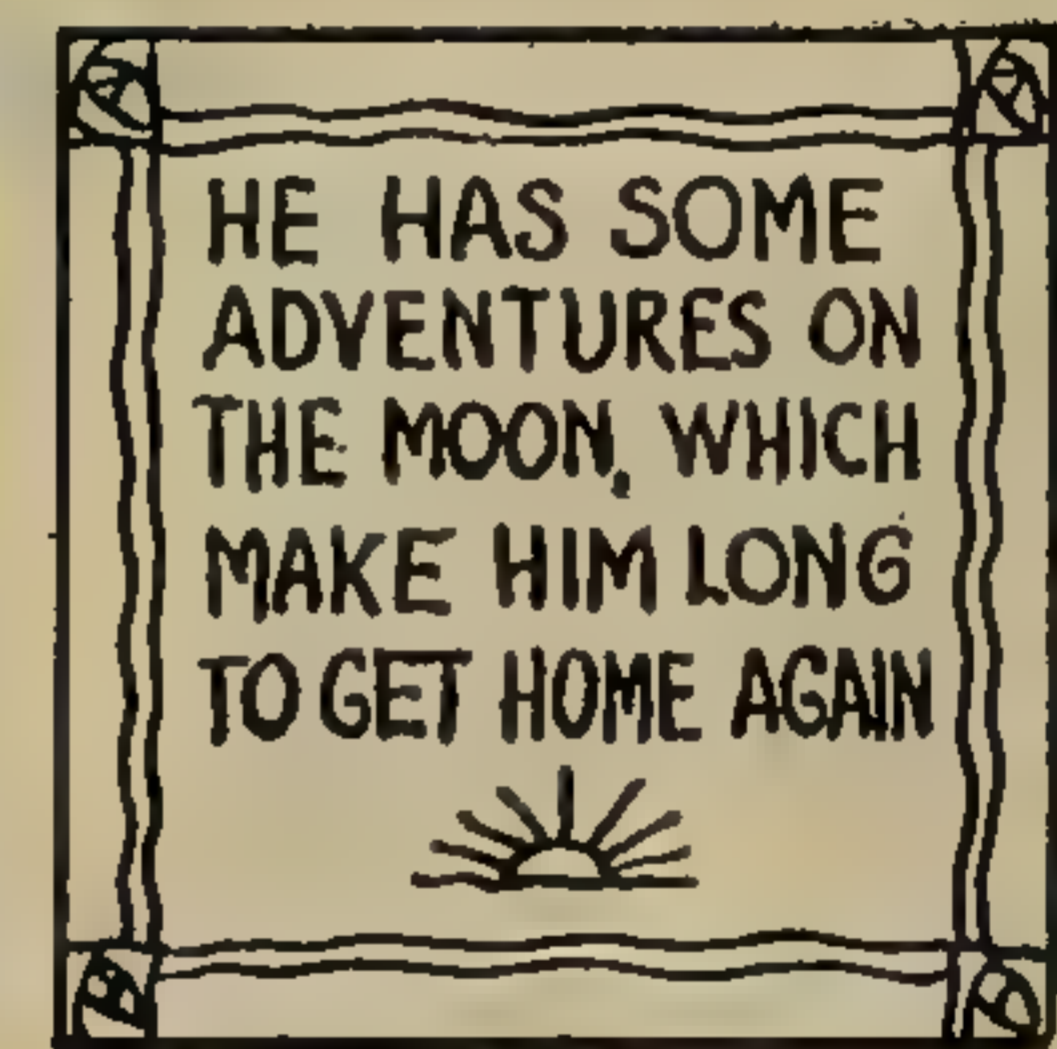
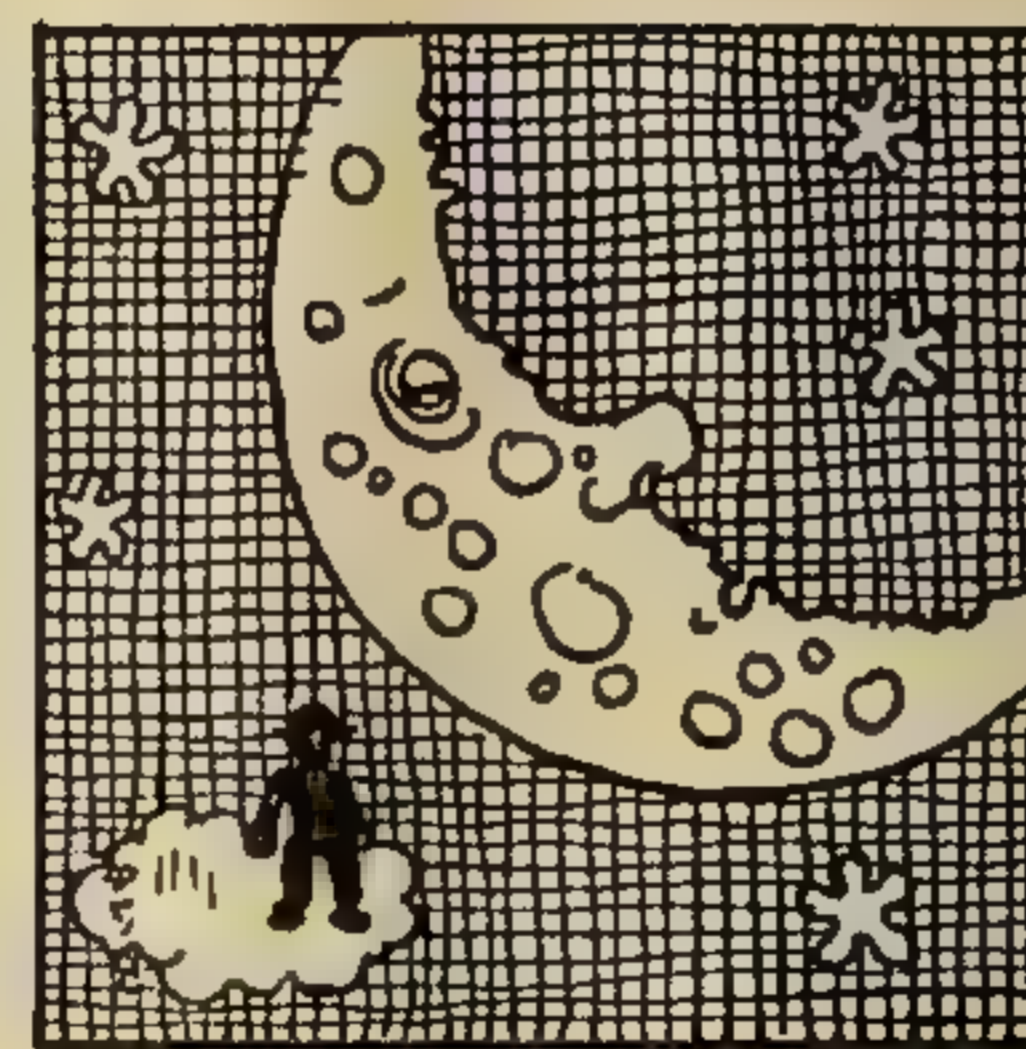
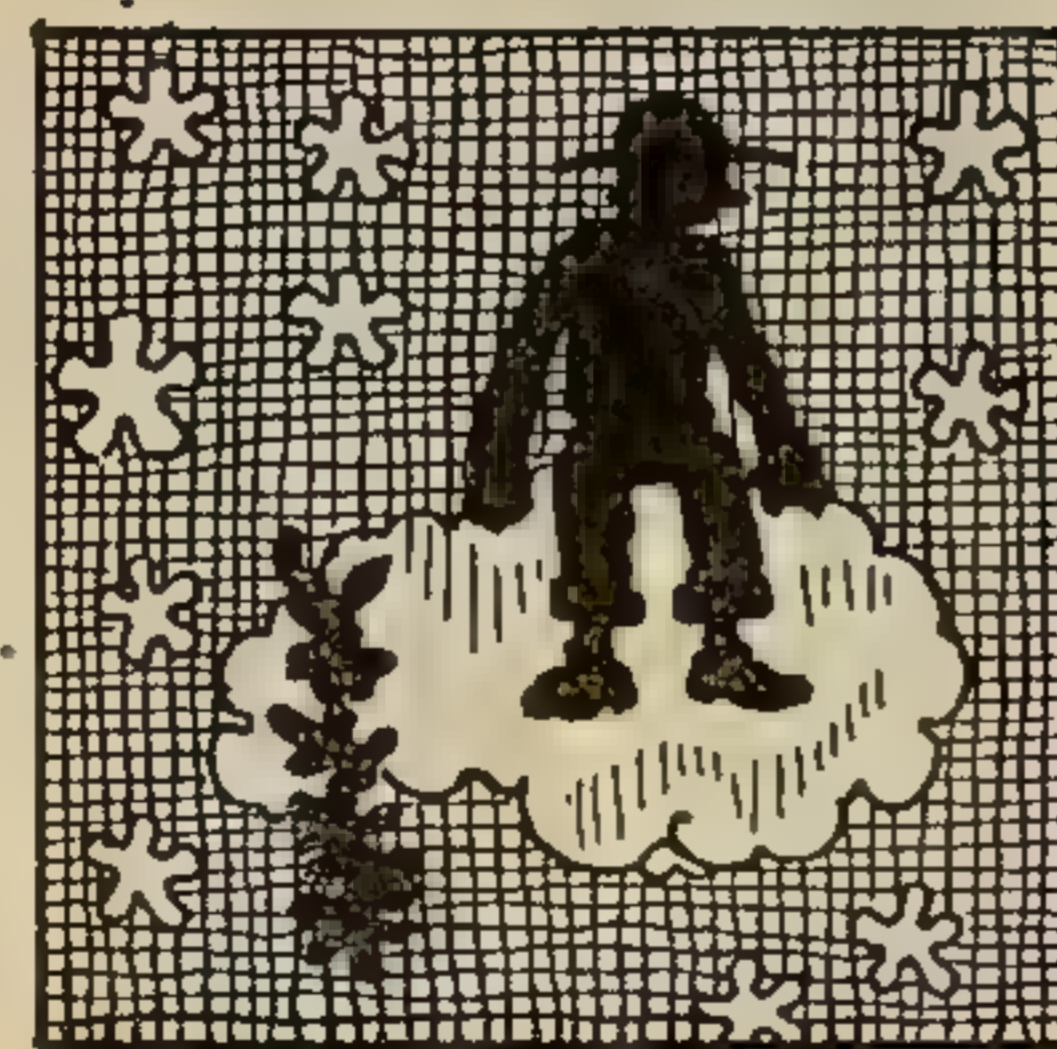
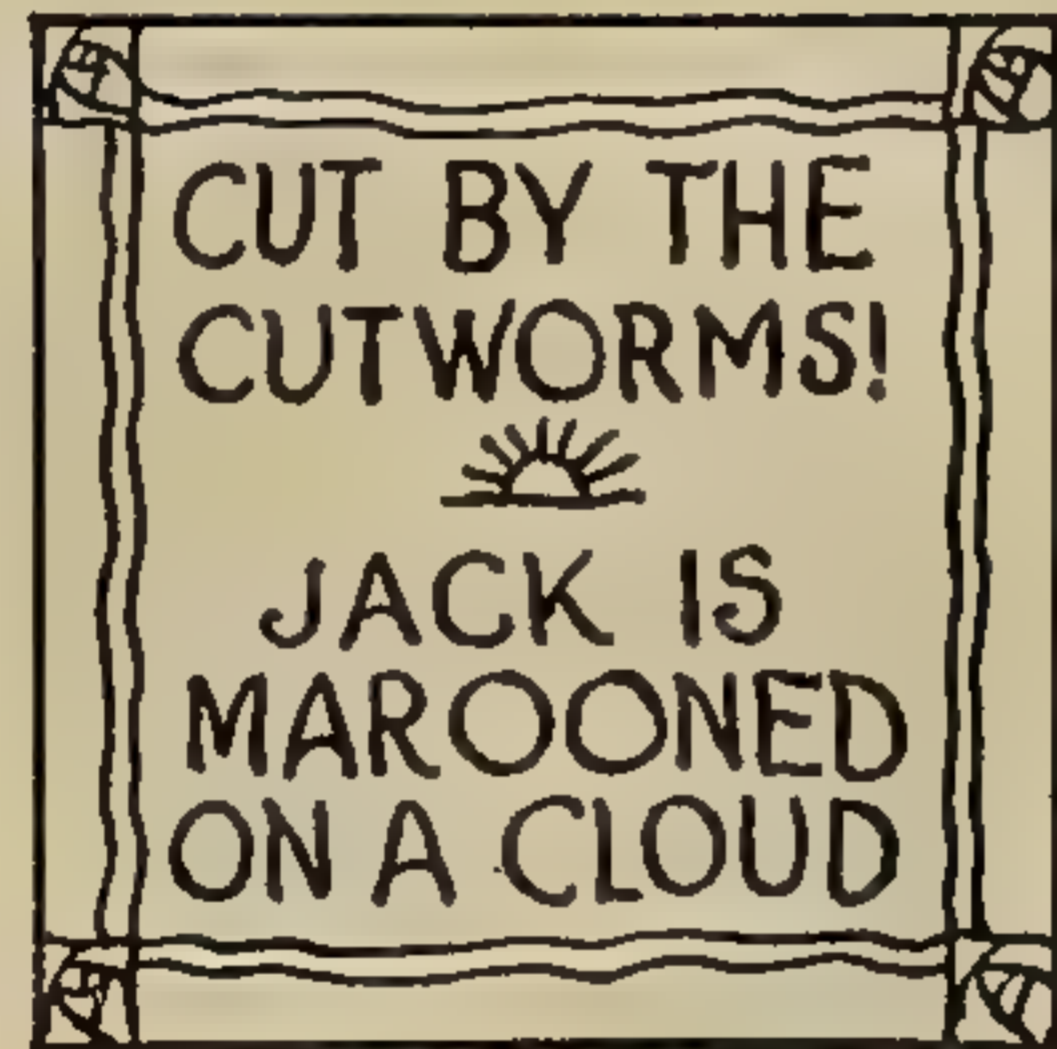
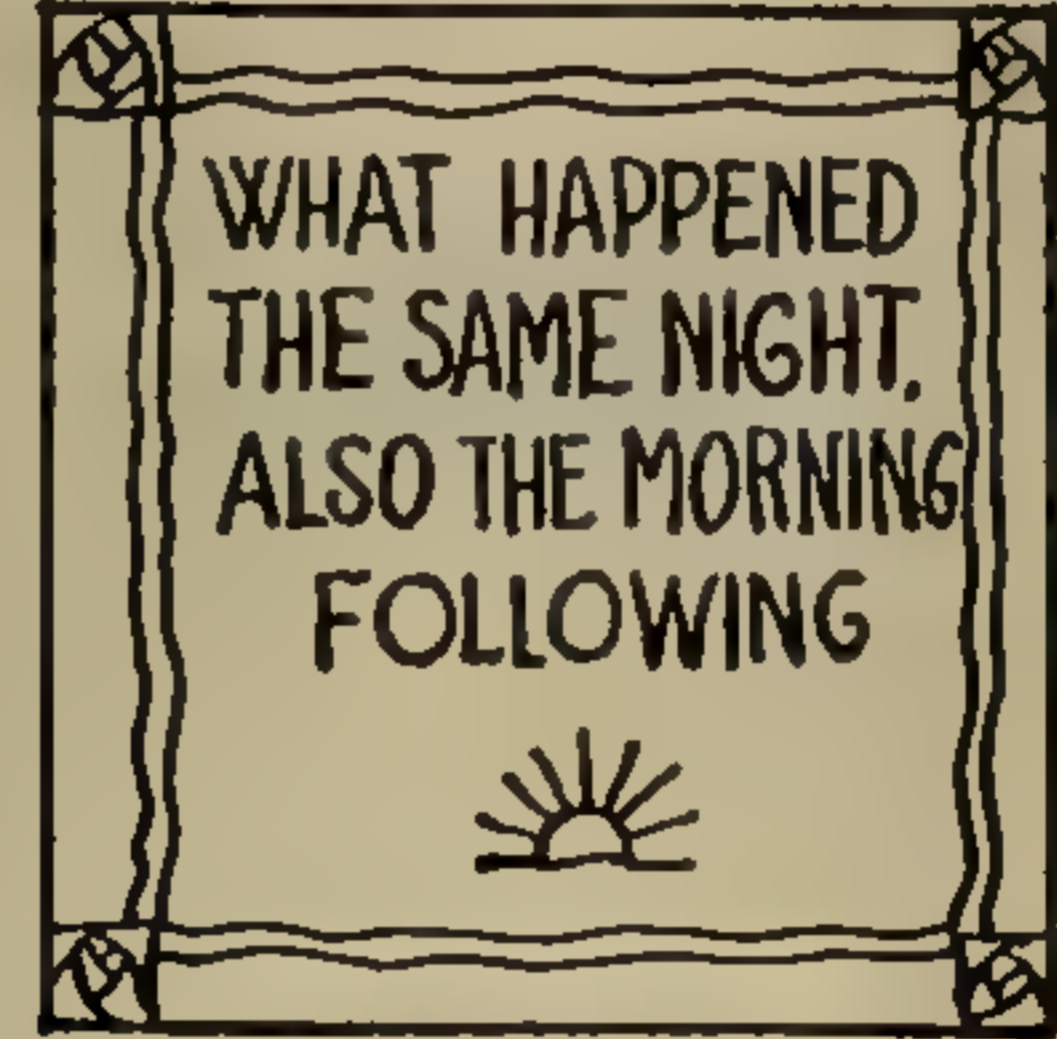
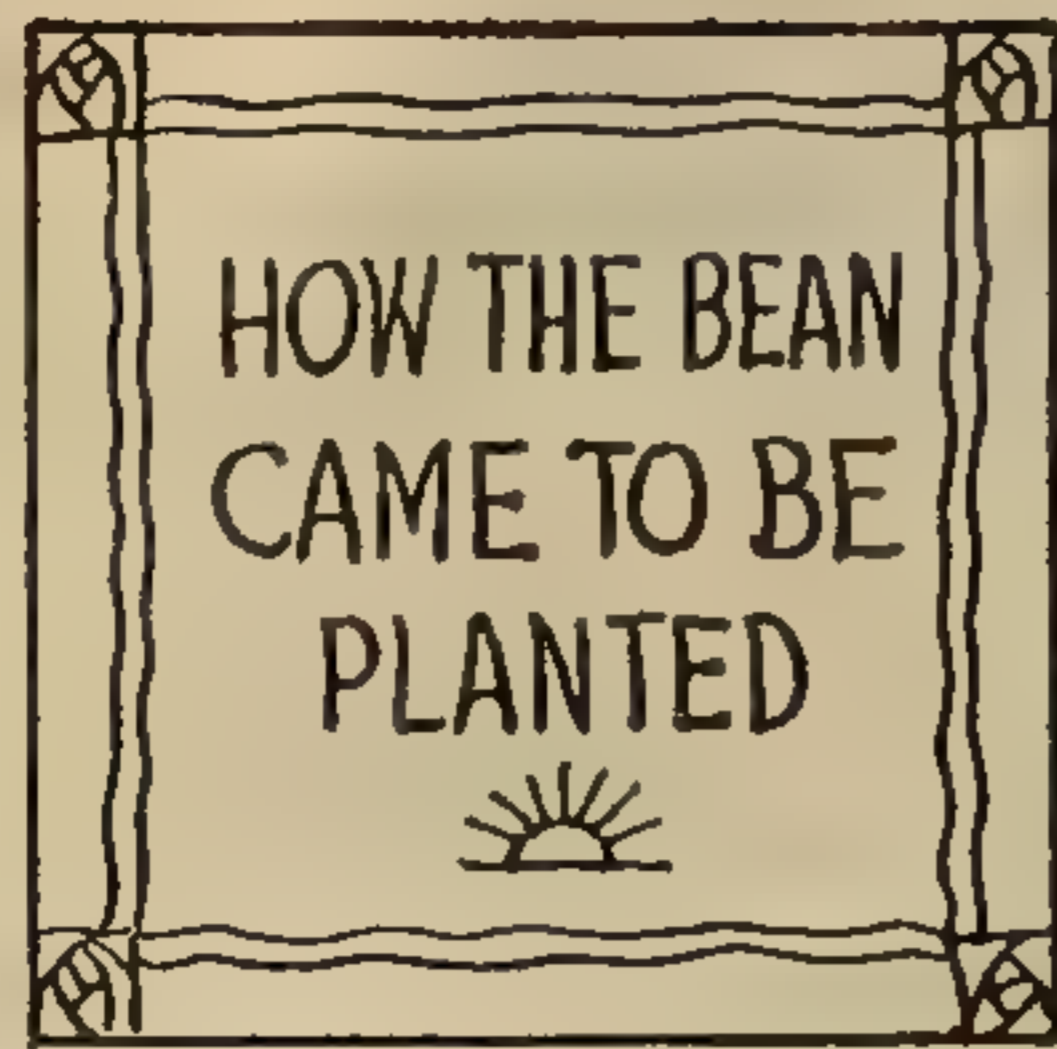
# Fact That They Spend So Little Time Bathing



*The principal advantage of a bathing suit like this is that by letting down the skirt just a trifle, one may make of it a most charming gown for winter evening wear.*

*Just suppose that in '49, the year gold was discovered in California, girls had been discovered there, talk about the rush to the Coast! of Pike's Peak, prairie schooners have borne the legend, 'Long or Bust! The Forty-Niners were long way ahead of their time. It merely gold. There was nobody there to spend it on.*

# Movies From Film Fun's Screen

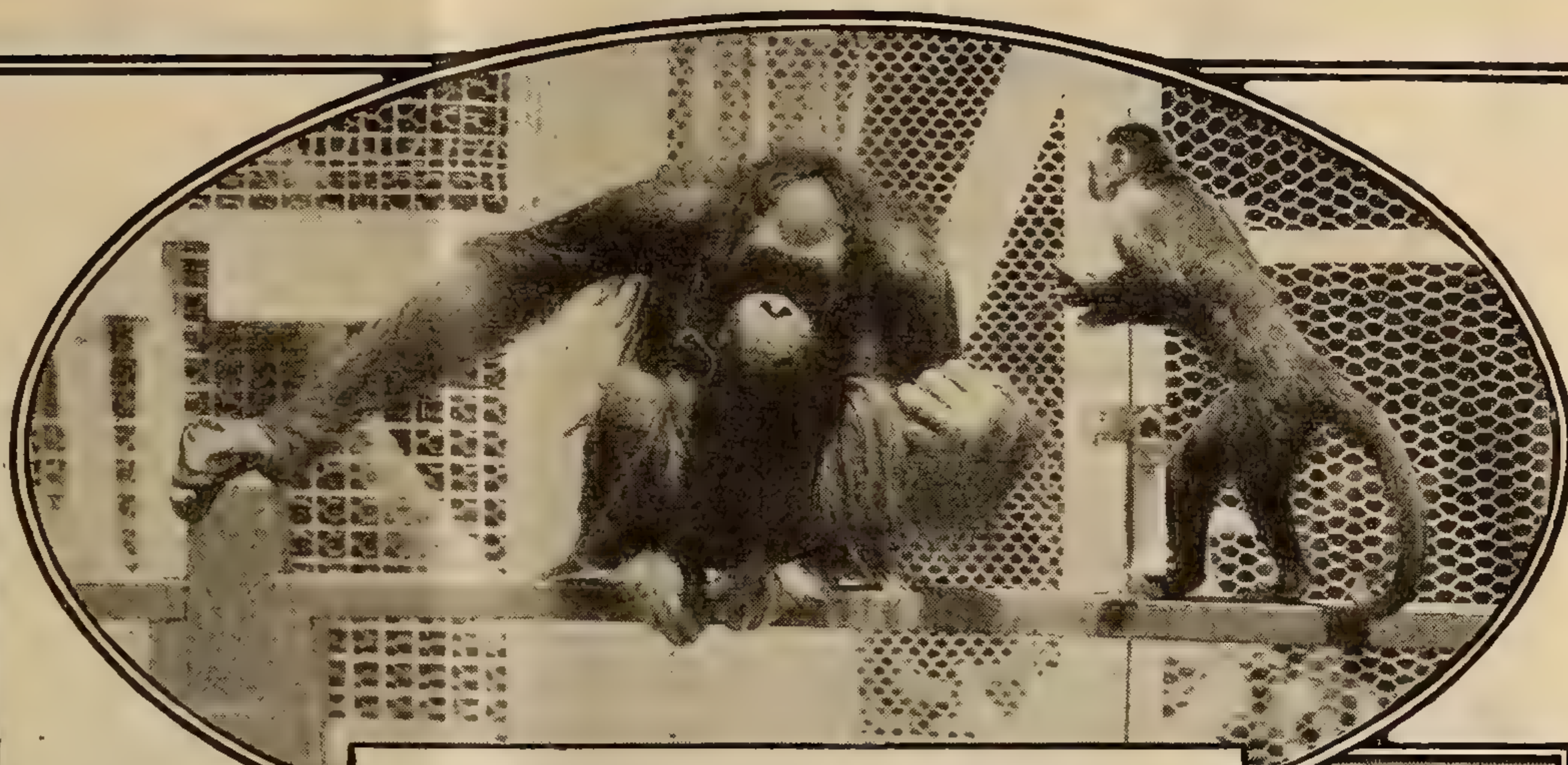


*Jack and His Famous Beanstalk; or, Everything Which Goes Up Must Eventually Come Down*

# Joe Martin, a Monkey Who Has Succeeded



1. He wears his clothes with a certain distinction.



2. In off-hours at home, he makes a delightful host.

In cataloguing the versatile actors of the movie world, let nobody forget Joe Martin of Universal. Men who make monkeys of themselves on the screen are many; monkeys who make men of themselves are few. Joe Martin is at the top of his profession. He is as much at home in polite society drama as in low comedy roles, and he is a "swell dresser, on and off." His home life is unmarred by scandal, and his enormous salary, his contract calling for one million best quality Virginia peanuts, has not spoiled him for association with humbler screen folk. The affability with which he greets a mere assistant director or lowly extra is charming to see.



3. Occasionally, he essays a purely feminine role, rivaling Julian Eltinge.

4. To the left—His recreation is baseball; when weary of using his hands, he twirls with his feet.

## Hard Work

**Manager**—When are you going to start shooting that mining camp story?

**Director**—As soon as I can convince the star that a miner doesn't wear a full dress suit.

## Coming

The great motion picture producer retired from the business in disgust.

For a board of censors had ordered a lot of cutouts in a Biblical photoplay.

## Reincarnations

Assuming that the ancient Egyptians were correct in their pleasing little theory, would it be unreasonable to expect to find the following in some future reincarnation:

Norma Talmadge as an exquisite, satin-winged butterfly?

Ben Turpin as a genial dodo?

Marguerite Clark as a very lovable and very fluffy kitten?

Roscoe Arbuckle as a rather ungainly but very good-natured hippo?

Pauline Frederick as a gorgeously plumed bird of paradise?

William Farnum as a great, tawny-maned lion?

Theda Bara as an alluring, dangerously beautiful serpent?

Mlle. Petrova as a splendid, lithe leopardess?

Chester Conklin as a serious-minded walrus?

A certain matinee idol as a pampered little lapdog?

A certain notorious Chaplin imitator as an obnoxious, long-eared donkey?

## At It Again

**Star** (haughtily)—Actors are born—not made.

**Director** (savagely)—You must be right. I've never been able to teach any of them anything.

## The Cue

"Did you hear about the trouble at the studio?"

"No; what was it?"

"The director hired a bunch of real cowboys, and when he shouted, 'Camera, action, shoot!' they shot up the place."



# Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



**T**HEDA BARA seems to be rather hard on dogs. She has had seven of various varied variety, and they all died at seven various times. Why not try a dachshund, Theda? They live long. Or a Mexican hairless hound. They can't dye.

**W**E are told of Jess Willard, in "The Challenge of Chance": "He tosses the villain—a man six-foot-three—across the corral." They're building villains wide this year!

## THE UNDERTAKER'S ENEMY

*"Care to our coffins adds a nail, no doubt,  
And ev'ry grin so merry draws one out."  
So wrote one Dr. Wolcott long ago,  
And in these movie days I find it so.  
That's why, whenever I am forced to see  
A (you know the kind) two-reel com-i-dee,  
I hasten out with sour-visaged mug  
And beat it to a place they're showing Doug!*

**F**RANCIS X. remarks: "The only thing about my pictures that I am proud of so far is that not a single one has ever been disapproved by the censors." On the other hand, or the same foot, some physicians claim mush-and-milk is not absolutely necessary for anyone.

**O**N top of the news of "Smiling Bill" Parson's marriage to Billie Rhodes came the announcement of his company—the National Film Corporation—that Bill would make but thirteen instead of the usual twenty-six comedies the coming year. Darn housekeeping, anyway!

**T**HROUGHOUT the West graze countless flocks of sheep. It being preposterous to think that all of them could ever be eaten, we wondered what they were for. We have at last discovered the reason for all these sheep. They are raised to produce hairy pants for the movie cowboys!

**A**FTER you have seen Ann Little demonstrate the poetry of motion on horseback, you go home and sing a hymn of hate to your automobile.

**A**N actress can hardly be called "an artiste to her finger tips" when close-ups of her in a slavey role disclose beautifully manicured digits.

## WOOF! WOOF! HERE COMES THE PACK!

*"The She Wolf" (Frohman).  
"Wolves of the Rail" (Artcraft).  
"Wolves of the Night" (Fox).  
"Wolf Lowry" (Triangle).  
"The Wolf Woman" (Triangle).  
"Wolves of Kultur" (Pathe).  
"The Lone Wolf" (Brenon).  
"The Wolf and His Mate" (Universal).  
"The Daughter of the Wolf" (Paramount).*

**P**EARL WHITE has written the story of her life, and, strange to say, it is not a serial. For one so young, Pearl has lived a whole lot of life, reely.

**A** MAGAZINE advised budding photoplay writers to hold their scenarios and sell them later at a higher figure. This is good business sense. Just think what corner lots on Broadway were worth two hundred years ago and what they are worth now! And just think of the awful plays we'd miss! Hold 'em, boys!

**E**DITH STOREY shipped her white poodle by express from New York to Los Angeles. When it arrived, it was mostly black. Don't blame the pup. It had to pass through Pitts. and Chi.

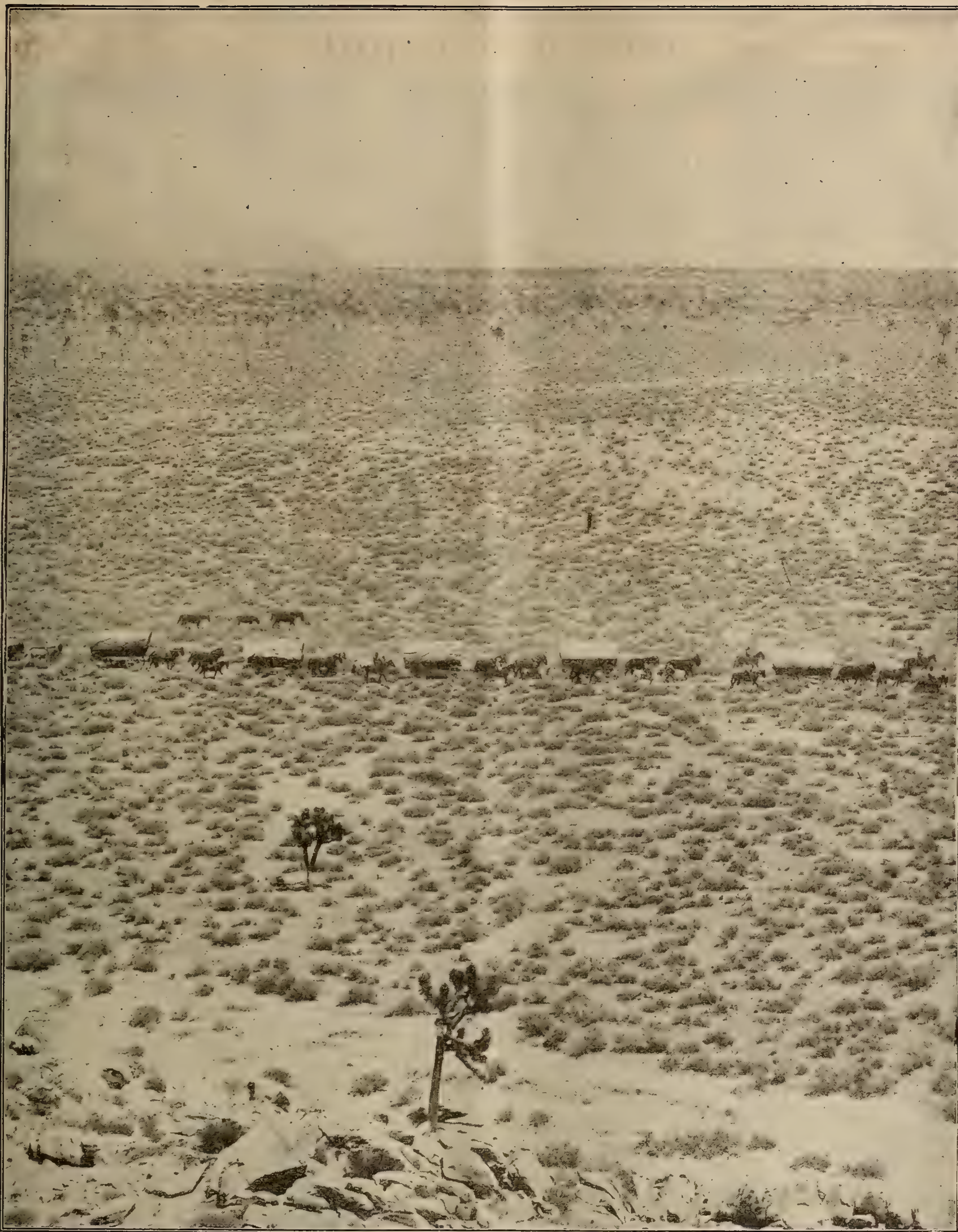
**F**AIRBANKS claims it took him six solid months to make "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo." Those months just HAD to be solid! If they had been ordinary mushy months, they'd have fallen apart under the assaults of Doug!

**B**ILL HART'S "The Money Corral" reeks with coin. Bill shoots the date out of a dime, cleans up the worst quarter in Chicago, gets on the scent of crooks and grabs a bad one—finishing up by winning a better half.

**T**HE only way grand opera can ever square itself with us for that Caruso business is to take Toto and Billy West and make songbirds outa them.



*Three guesses as to who this inverted centaur is. Yes. Annabel, you're right first time; it's Doug.*



*In these days of aerial photography, it is difficult to tell at a glance whether this is an interminable herd of sheep or a war field studded with shell-holes. That it is neither, but the genuine sagebrush setting of the latest Bill Hart photoplay, "Wagon Tracks," is vouched for by those who know sagebrush when they see it, and whose tongues grow parched from alkali dust at the mere sight of such a picture. Certainly, it is no picture to flaunt upon the screen just when the country has gone dry.*

ONE can call it a day well spent—no matter how difficult the task—when one has dodged a picture containing one of those dual roles where a fellow impersonates his twin brother for some alarming reason, and, in the course of the plot, completely deceives the fiancée of said brother. We wish one of the bright young authors who think up such plots would try this stunt on his own best girl.

PRODUCTIONS in the past few weeks have shown a decided advance in technique. At least four villains, easily recalled, were shot in new places, while the villain in the Fannie Ward picture, "The Profiteers," elegantly fell on a paperweight spike and fatally punctured his stomach. There is nothing like these dainty scenes for making one's hours at the movies fully enjoyable.

THE public and its theatrical loves is not far different from a Sultan and his harem—he must have all sorts, colors and sizes of beauties to satisfy his various

## Screen Scrapple

By Helen Rockwell

moods. New York, like a fickle Sultan, is at present satisfying its two extremest moods and paying court to the ridiculous and the sublime of the motion picture endeavors. D. W. Griffith's

"Broken Blossoms" breaks all records at one theater, while two blocks away Mack Sennett's "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" needs police protection to keep the people from trampling each other down.

"BROKEN BLOSSOMS" proves that there is nothing so sad as a violation of one's ideals. "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" proves that a kick directed at the seat of a man's pants is the most beautifully funny thing in the world. The public loves, adores, devours both. What's the answer?

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned movie hero who used to capture the Kaiser? Perhaps he is explaining to his small son how badly he wanted to get into the army, but that his stern duty to the moving picture trenches prevented.



*"Of course, you must have roses on the balcony if it's to be my wedding day in Venice," said Elsie Ferguson. So there were roses, bushels of 'em.*

# Consolation Prizes in Warm Weather Contests



FOX

Madlaine Traverse's winning smile is justified by this "creation" of blue and silver.



SELECT

Capt. C.A. Van Auker is costumed for his June journey to Mt. Shasta, where "Jacques of the Silver North" was filmed.



PATHE-PEARSON

Virginia Pearson, or any wearer of an evening wrap like this, in peach-blow or apricot charmeuse, is a prize package.



PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

Temperature has no terrors for one who wears raiment like this simple dress of crepe de chine, worn by Vivian Martin.



PARAMOUNT

Black-and-white brocade is this dream-come-true of Ethel Clayton. Note the new drapery.



PARAMOUNT

Wanda Hawley may have had "roses and raptures" in mind when she chose this—rose pink and white brocade.



*Puzzle Picture—Why Does this Man Wear a Disgruntled, Discontented Expression?*

## "A Perfectly Lovely Two Hours and a Half"

By A. T.

**T**HE rain was commencing to fall, and we had an hour and a half in town with nothing to do before dinner. As usual, Helen started making suggestions.

"I know!" she cried triumphantly. "We'll drop into the movies!"

"But, my dear," I remonstrated, "surely you know that I haven't been to one of those places in years! I never go to the things."

"How perfectly ridiculous! Besides, Brenda Sweetness is playing"—she called my attention to a lurid, life-size picture which decorated a fence across the street—"she's playing with Rockwell Ford in 'Purple Passion.' Oh, I really must see that!"

All of which merely serves to explain how a few minutes later she was steering me through an extravagantly ornamental doorway into an arena of semi-darkness, where a youth in a pink Eton suit, holding two cabalistic fingers aloft, led us down a steep incline, past rows of more or less amorous couples. After falling over sixteen pairs of feet, I found my seat.

I glanced at the screen. A stereopticon picture was being shown, depicting an enormous girl with a cerise complexion and blue hair, who was consuming the contents of a glass of ice-cream soda; she wore a self-conscious smile, and beneath her ran a legend:

If You Want To  
Get in Strong  
With Your Girl,

Take Her to the Center Drug Store After the Show.

And yet they say the modern girl is spoiled.

Then came an announcement warning lady patrons to remove their hats, and another to the effect that next week a Giltedge masterpiece in three reels, entitled "The Cute Little Sinner" and featuring Pinkie Darling, would be presented. By the time they were announcing the attractions for the coming winter, my head began to swim.

"It's about time," I remarked gently, "that our own show began."

"Hush!" said Helen. "They always do this sort of thing."

From somewhere aloft commenced the reassuring click of the motion picture machine; I settled down to succumb to the charms of Brenda. Apparently my joy was premature, for there flashed across the screen the following:

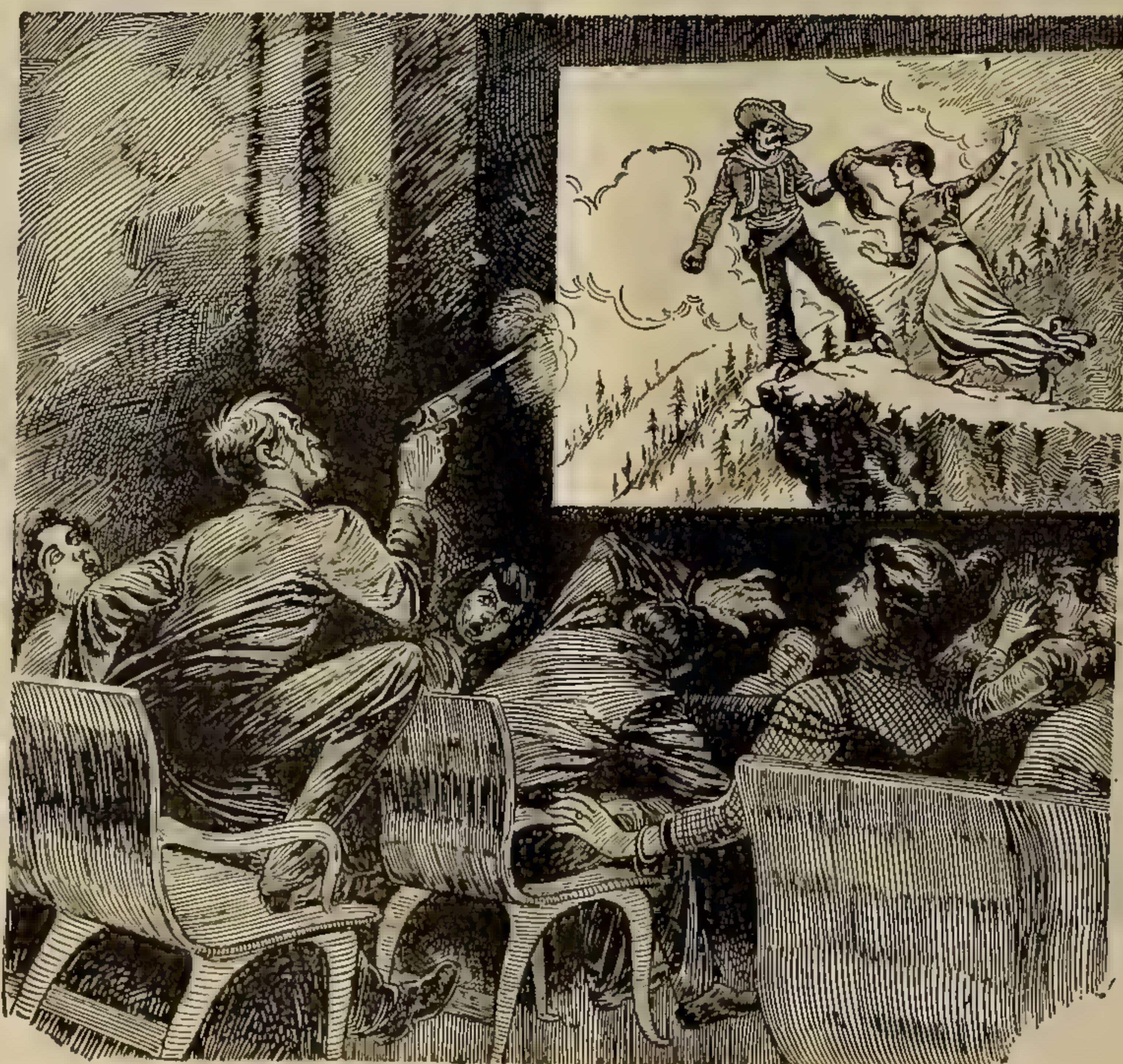
The Wonders of  
Industry. Number  
6. How Soda Foun-  
tain Straws Are  
Made.

A lad in front of me squirmed restlessly in his seat; his partner chewed her program and displayed general apathy.

"Look here, Helen," I began. "I thought"—

"Do be still, George. They always have one of these; they're very educational."

However, I had no consuming desire to know the secrets of the straw-making trade; neither did the rest of the audience apparently,



*Sage Brush Steve Shoots the Villain in the Nick of Time*

yet somebody must appreciate these things, or they wouldn't have them. We were shown the interior of a factory and a close view of a pudgy-faced girl producing thousands of straws from a complicated mass of machinery. "6,795 Girls," the film told us, "Working Eight Hours a Day, Turn Out 3,334,587 Straws a Week. These Straws, if Placed End to End, Would Cover Seventeen and a Half Times the Height of the Woolworth Building."

"Now I realize why people go on strike," I murmured.

When we had seen several billion straws made, packed and shipped, and the film had vanished, I had renewed hopes of seeing Brenda. But, alas! there came instead the Weekly World Review.

"This ought to be interesting," said Helen.

The first picture of international importance depicted in minute and horrible detail the bee industry of Cochin China; the second showed the arrival of the Nicaraguan delegation at the Paris Peace Conference; the third showed the launching of the latest dredger for the Norwegian navy and was quite thrilling. In five minutes my views on the relative importance of things had been revolutionized, but, nevertheless, I was beginning to grow restless again.

Moments fled by, and then at last the magic words:

PURPLE PASSION. A Perfection-Triumph Film in Six Reels.

I straightened up in my seat with a thrill, but slumped back almost immediately. Another announcement followed:

The Scenario by Henry Remington Scribble.  
Adapted from the Novel by Martha Washington Shortcake. And then another:

The Photography by J. Bronx Martini.  
Art Titles by Henri Vinrouge.

Followed by a statement that seemed to impress:



*Ruby de Remer, her new car, and her twin sister. As a matter of fact, it is really only Ruby herself, photographed in double exposure.*



*Stage successes renew their lease of life on the screen. Anita Stewart, as the jockey "In Old Kentucky," helps much in the come-back of the famous old melodrama. No, she does NOT ride a dog.*

Produced Under the Supervision of Henry K. Cinch.

When the honors were over—and they lasted a considerable time—a piece of decorated script appeared:

Long, Long Ago, When the Sun Rose Upon a World Yet Young, There Lived on the Banks of the Nile a Rich Despot Whose Life Was One Crime Upon Another.

THE DESPOT . . . C. ROCKWELL FORD.

We were shown C. Rockwell, full-face, profile, three-quarters and close up. He looked the part, all right.

With a sudden evil foreboding I took a surreptitious glance at my watch. It was a quarter to nine!

And the Despot's Vicious Eyes Used To Gaze Longingly Upon the Fair Form of a Beautiful Young Egyptian Girl.

"Helen," I whispered, stifling a sob, "we've been here two hours and a half. I'm afraid we've got to go."

To my surprise she jumped up with alacrity. As we walked up the aisle, I could not resist glancing back at the screen, for I knew Brenda must be there.

But This Girl's Real Lover Was a Strong Young Warrior Whom She Adored With All the Rosy Dreams of Young Girlhood.

THE WARRIOR . . . TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN.

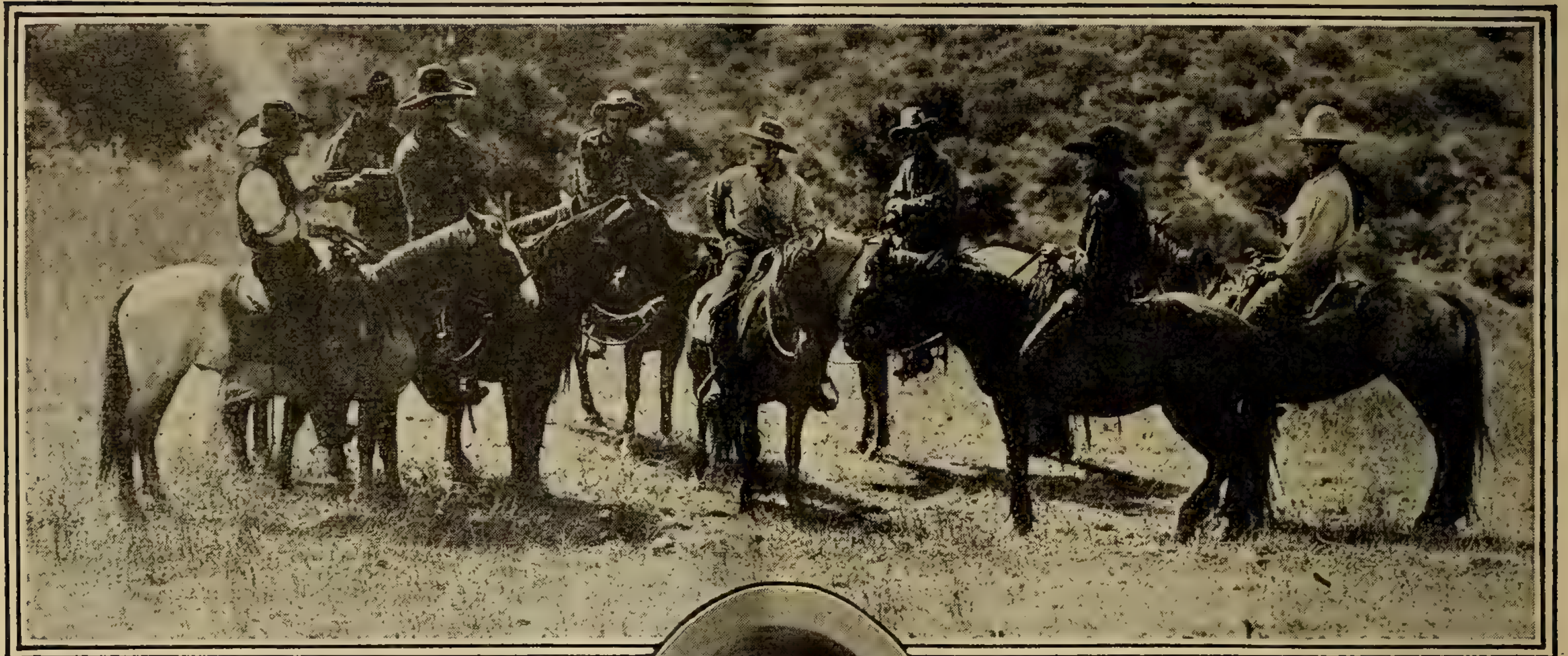
Outside the door I murmured:

"Helen, I'm sorry"—

"Why, I've had a perfectly lovely time!" she answered, with a sweet smile.

# Will That Scene Get a Laugh?

By Taylor Holmes



**W**ILL that scene get a laugh? It ought to. It looked funny, and it felt funny, while we were playing it—but I don't really know what an audience will like.

This is our constant perplexity. There is so much that is indefinite about the "jumpies." Uncertainty is a bigger joker in the game of moving pictures than it is in a game of poker. In poker you play with only fifty-two cards. Your sub-title cards in a five-reeler are unlimited, and their force uncertain until the show-down to an audience.

Did you ever miss a train by a moment, and wonder whom you would have met if you had caught it?

Did you ever buy stocks positively guaranteed by some personal-friend-of-the-president-of-the-concern to rise five points on the following day, and wonder what made them drop ten?

Did you ever buy a bargain and find later that you hadn't?

The element of suspense in these little experiences prevents the mind from becoming absolutely stale from placidity, but if you feel that you are not getting your money's worth out of this life, and would like to give yourself the treat of a continuous mental volcano, invest your shekels in the producing of modern movies and watch for the suspense. It will come. Oh, you'll get it!

Will your leading lady who suddenly got married to-day finish the picture, or will she do as her husband wishes and go to Europe, making it necessary to "shoot" all her scenes over again with someone else of her type, after you have found that someone?

How about that new heavy man who was recommended so highly? Will his sunken eyes register, or can't you tell whether they are open or shut? Well, wait—the camera will tell us.

Will the sun shine to-morrow so we can take exteriors? That's always a nice question to answer.

Is the church set ready for this afternoon, or do we work in the jail?

If that girl can't swim, won't we have to cut the scene? Or can we double?

Can you imagine taking forty people up into the mountains to take scenes for two days, and have it rain continuously for two weeks after your arrival? Your expense account gets thrilled, all by itself.

Think feelingly, if you will, of jumping off the rocks at Newport in a bathing suit on January 13th and acting all over the ocean, to be told when your frosted body is dragged out of the water that the scene must be retaken because the camera man ran out of film just as you hit the water.

Or imagine, if you can, just how it would affect you, after training a rooster for a month to crow on an exact cue, to be told just as you were ready to take the scene that the ingenue's pretty bull pup had playfully wrung the bird's neck.

Anybody in pictures can tell you, out of his own experiences, incidents even more strangely thrilling than these. We rarely get through a day without one or more "re-takes" necessitated by "buckling" or some such eccentricity of the camera, so we come to regard that as "all in the day's work."

And we're philosophical, more or less, about most things, although, of course, we kick and complain, just like good soldiers always do.

There are occasions, though, that transcend the limits of language. We had to take some of the scenes for "Ruggles of Red Gap" in the Grand Canyon of Arizona. It is a three-hour trip down, and three years coming up,

(Continued on page 36)



*Horace Greeley (whose claim to fame is based upon his relationship to Evelyn Greeley) said, "Go West, young man," when asked for advice on how to succeed. Ellen Cassity, a fellow player of Miss Greeley at the World Studios, Fort Lee, chose "Go East, young woman," as the correct success maxim. Her first appearance, since deserting the coast, was in "Through the Toils," in which she acted with Montagu Love.*

## Mabel the Moviac

By Arthur C. Brooks

**"LOOK**, Lucy! There's George Walsh now! Don't you love him? I do. I think he's a second Doug Fairbanks, and a first one, too, if you want my honesty-truesy opinion. He's so strong and mastiff! Just see those arteries and tenders budge out when he performs the elastics! What was the name of that picture, do you remember? I don't, either. But, anyway, it doesn't matter; they're all so internally similar. You would think a lot of automobile-washers wrote the scripts for the pictures nowadays, they're so punk and *passee*. Of course, not all of them, but you know what I mean.

"Isn't it funny how Mr. Art Craft or some other movie magnut will bullyhoo a picture from Maine to Miami as the play that will knock your eye right out, and you'd better

go and see it, or you'll be sorry

when your little grandson climbs

upon your lap and says, 'Gam-

my, what did *you* do when

'The Happiness Bird'

was turning 'em away?'

Isn't it funny, I'm

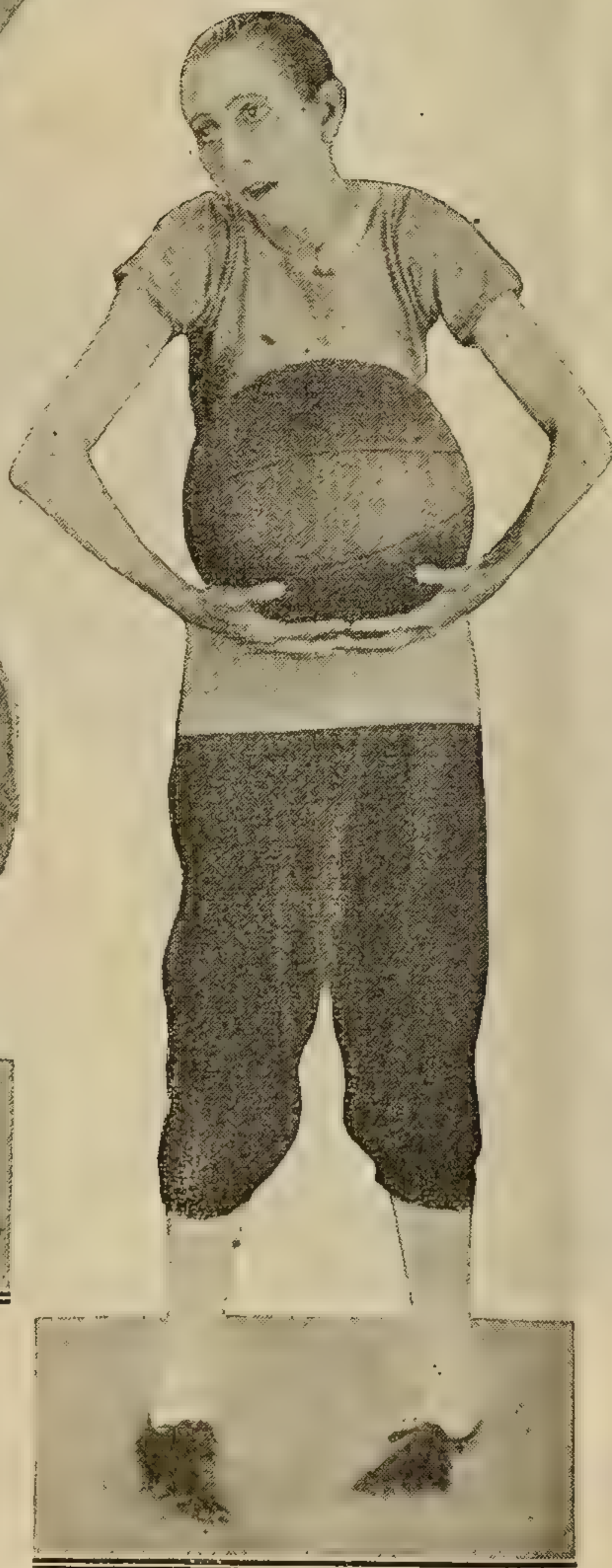
saying, how a re-

ducer will fuss and



*Like poets, medicine-ball tossers are born, not made. Syltia Ashton, for example, is a born medicine-ball tosser—*

furor getting a star cast together, and pops and sets and everything, and send them all to Borneo for a real local, and spend an eighth of a million



*—While Carolyn Rankin is one to whom the robust art will ever come hard—too blame hard.*

for the ads—but only pay about a dollar and a half for the story, if he doesn't lift it from a magazine altogether? Wouldn't it get your ninny? They must think we're a bunch of Boshes to be led around like a cow with a ring in his nose.

"But I don't come to see the stories; I'm more interested in the personal. I know all about the flim folks. I'm not like a lot of superficial people that think they're flams because they can recognize a few of the old guard, like Mary Miles Pickford or William Walthall or Henry Desmond. I go in for the new and *nom de plume*, and you'd be surprised at the talent that's congealed in them. They're like peanuts—you have to crack the shell before you get the nut. You see, the veterinarys get kind of tired of the game, but they don't want us to, though.

"Did you hear the Dolly Sisters were going to sign up for the screen?

Aren't they just as alike as two knees? Now the

Gish Sisters will have a

couple of Hungarian rivals; but I suppose they should bubble. They've made their refutation, and now life is one big, sweet sing. But the Dolly girls have one drawing-room card; they're two genuine, *bon ami* twins. They look alike, dress, act alike, and have the same temperatures. But the Gish girls are as different as plums and prunes. Lillian is quiet and series. Dorothy is active and veracious. I'm waiting to see how the final finale comes out.

"Where was I, anyway? Oh, yes! I was going to say, what do you think about the talent getting married? I don't think they should. When a man enters husbandry, he should give all his time to it, and not go galloping all over California. And then it's an awful blow to the female flim flams to find out a matinee idler is not at liberty. I'll never forget the time I sent a mauve mash note to Jack Pickford, and then someone told me he was married to Olive Thomas. My dear, I thought I'd *die*! Yes, I know. Some are happily hitched, but they're only inceptions to the golden rule, don't you think?

"What's that, Usheress? We'll have to stop annoying the audience or go out? Well, I like that! We were only enjoying a quiet little *vis-a-vis*. Oh, surely, of course, if you insist. . . ."



*Here is half a portrait of Miss Dorothy Gish. When, in the presence of a camera, an actress hides herself behind a curtain—well, there are some mysteries which will ever be mysteries, we fear.*

# There's Lots of Heart Trouble in "Heart Trouble"



1. The henpecked visitor is fascinated by this glimpse of hospital life.



2. By shamming illness, he plans to have a "vision" all to himself.



3. The illness is shammed as planned, but the nurse assigned is no vision. She's a sight.

## A Word or Two Tells It

A henpecked husband visits a hospital to see a sick friend. A bevy of beautiful nurses flock around the sick man, and the visitor decides to get sick himself. He throws a fit and is brought to the hospital for treatment, but, alas! the nurse assigned to him has a face of the "fried egg" type. After a series of attempts to get rid of this nurse, relief comes to both boys by a clandestine ball given on the hospital roof. Rheumatism, crutches, splints and discipline are thrown to the winds, but a bomb is thrown into the jazz party by the sudden appearance of the sham sick man's furious wife, backed by the higher-ups of the hospital. The hilarity changes to a free-for-all fight—with pillows.



4. Hospital life seems a lot rosier when news of the ball on the roof is broken to him.



5. At the ball, there are visions in plenty, more than enough to go round.



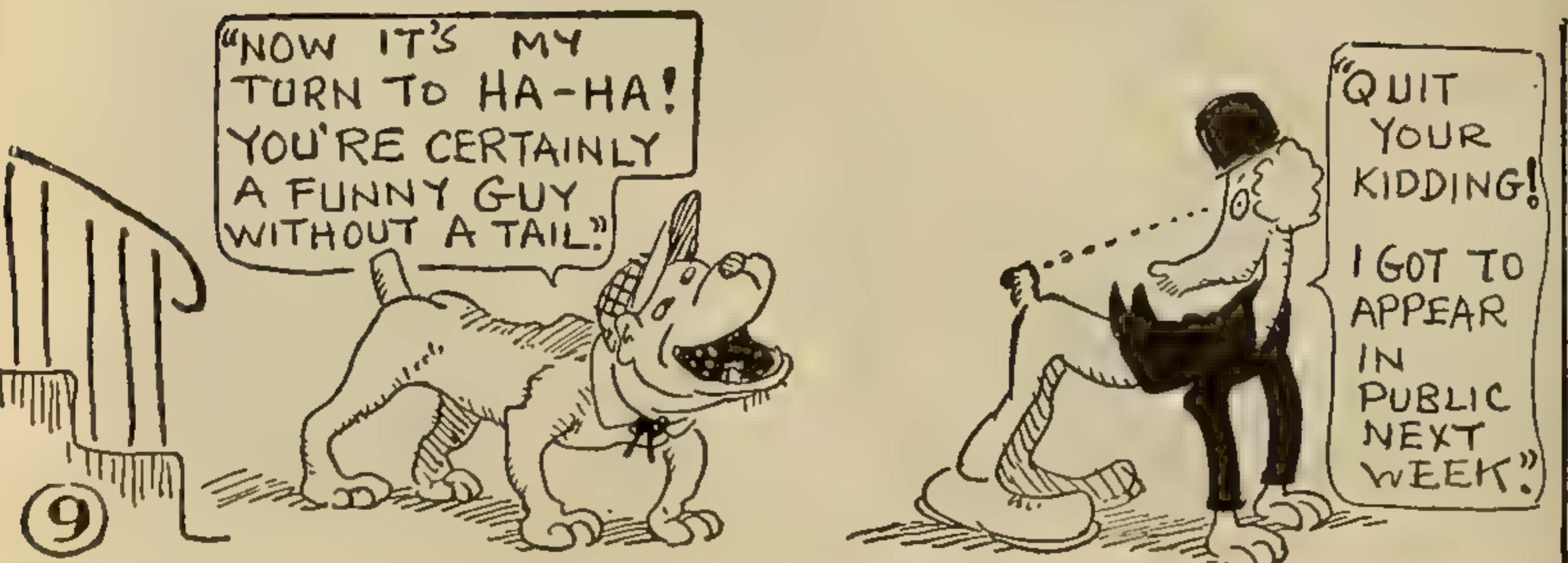
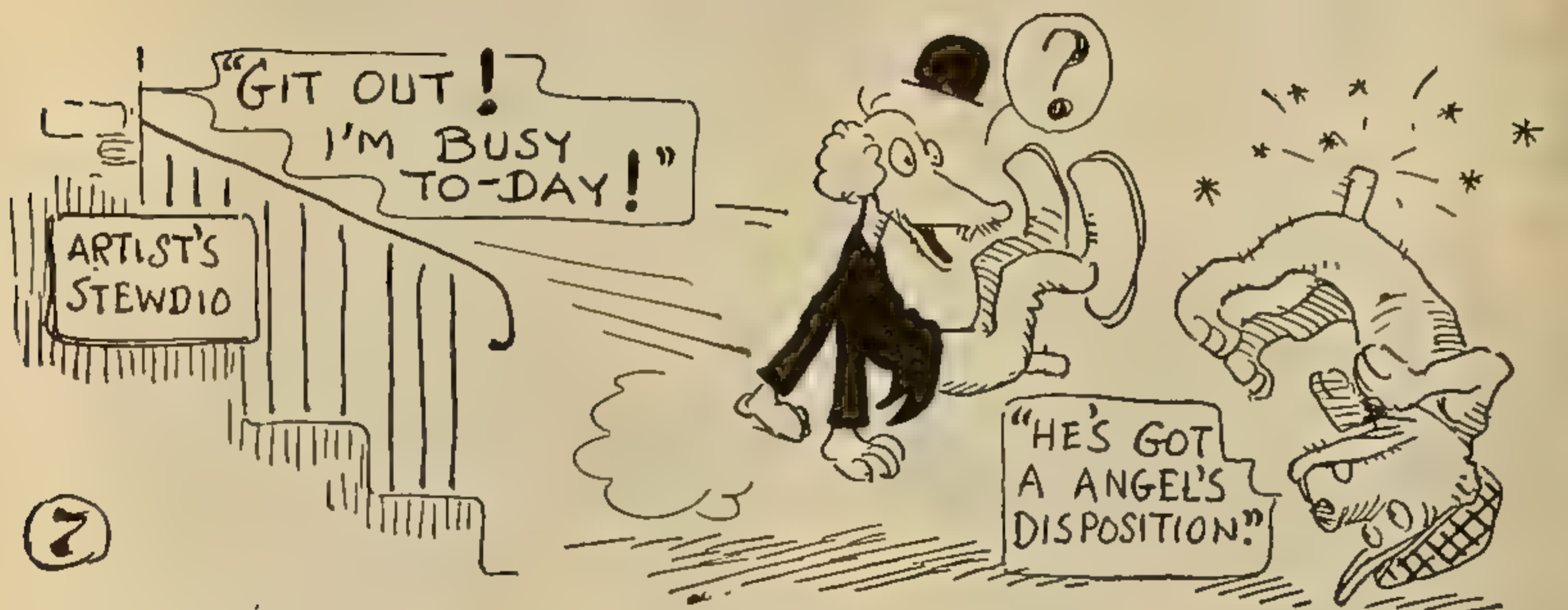
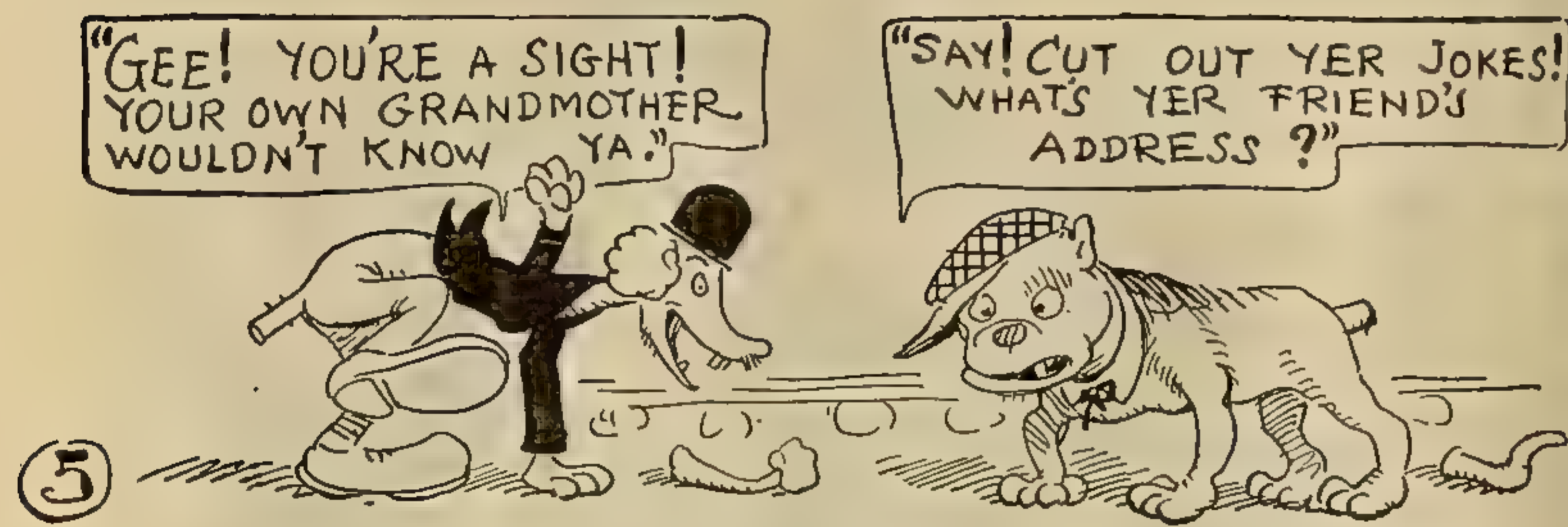
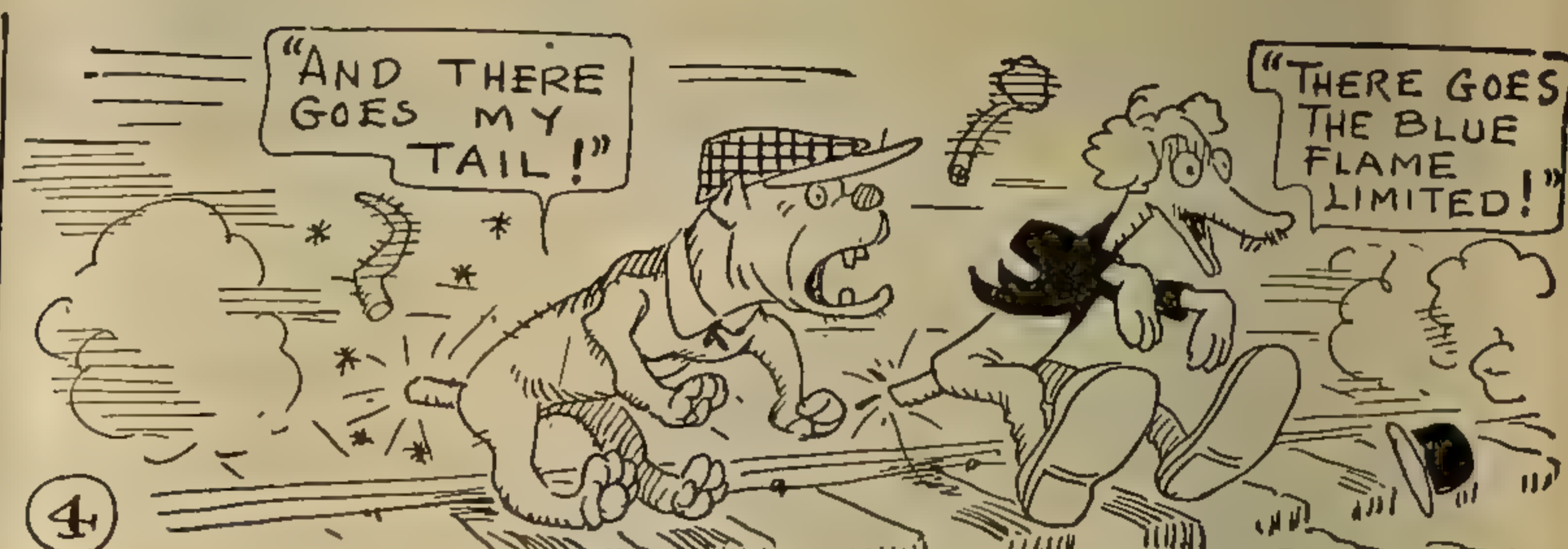
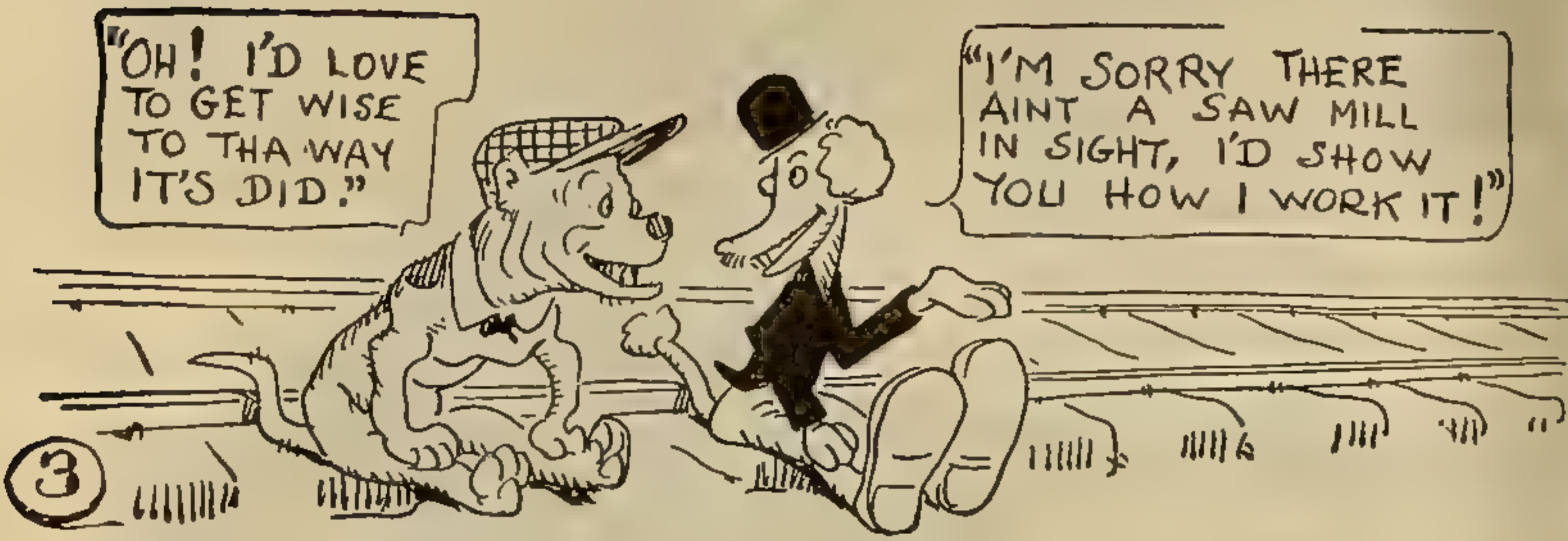
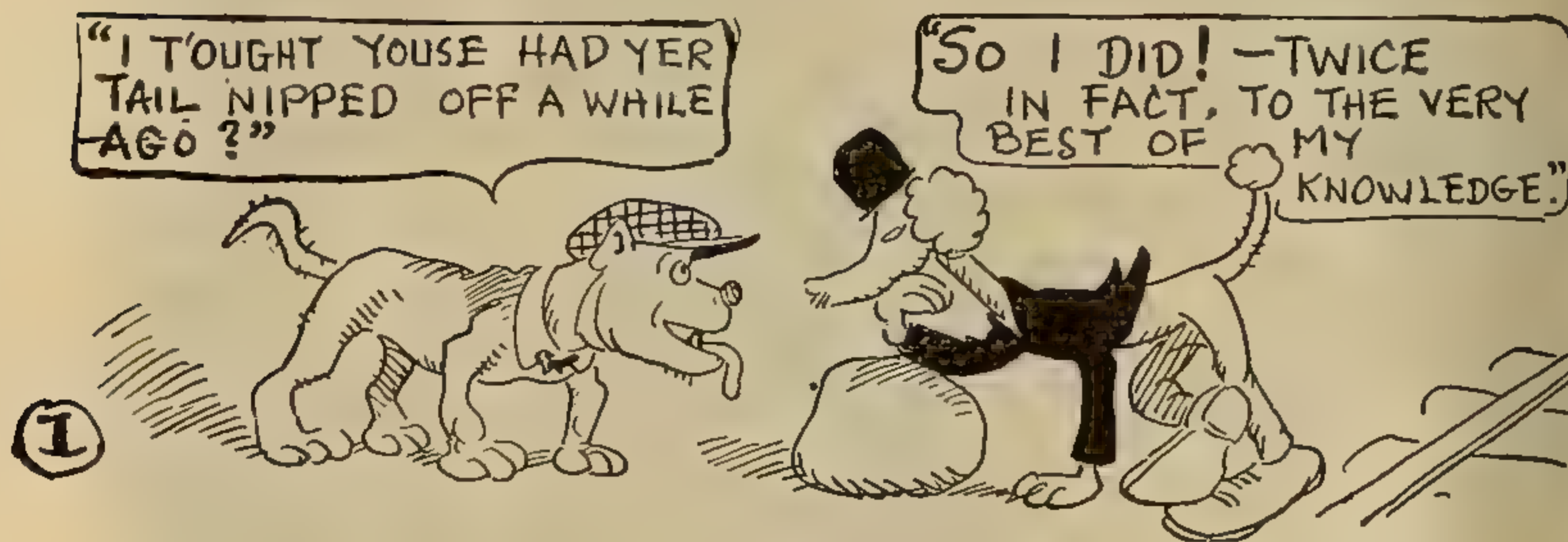
6. And then all the jazz is taken out of life by the appearance of the scandalized wife.

# A SHORT TALE OF 2 SHORT TAILS →



ONE REEL  
FEATURE.

By Charlie Dog.





### WHAT YOU SEE ON THE SCREEN AND WHAT YOU DON'T

*Photographing a baby—one too young to be impressed by the advantages of publicity—requires a lot of experimenting. It wastes film, and film is money. To avoid experiment, June Elvidge is fondling a megaphone until the director is quite sure how little precious will photograph best.*

## The Diary of a Movie Story

By Frank H. Williams

**M**ONDAY—Hooray! I'm so happy! I'm a popular novel, and I've just been purchased by a big motion picture concern to be made into a movie! I suppose they'll film me just as I am. I just know I'll screen well.

**TUESDAY**—Two strange men have been working over me all day, cutting off parts of me here and there and patching on bits of "business," until, I declare, I hardly recognize myself. They call themselves "scenario writers," but I think they're brutes!

**WEDNESDAY**—Well, I'm being filmed—but the director has been doing things to my plot. I hate to have anyone monkey with this important section of my anatomy, but he does it with apparently never a worry or care. I hate him!

**TUESDAY (A WEEK LATER)**—Once more I've had things done to me. One of my characters has been eliminated at the request of the star, who said it interfered with her role! I'm mighty glad there's still something of the real ME left—I still have my Purpose and my Name.

**THURSDAY (TWO WEEKS LATER)**—These film people are heartless

wretches! Here I am, such as is left of me, all nicely filmed and ready to be exhibited, and then, at the last

minute, the producer butts in and changes my Purpose entirely! I had a perfectly dandy Purpose when I started out, and now they've hitched one to me that I'm ashamed to own!

**FRIDAY**—Something dreadful happened to-day. They turned me over to the film editor, and he cut out my Purpose entirely! He says people don't want pictures with a purpose nowadays. Oh, dear, I could cry! The only thing left of me now is my Name!

**SATURDAY**—The worst thing in the world has happened to me. The sales manager looked at me to-day, and after he'd seen all of me, he said my Name would have to be changed, that it had no sales value! So they took his advice and changed it! Oh, dear, I wish I'd never broken into the movies!

### Kill Him

*Manager*—Now what is the trouble?

*Director*—The star refused to go on that desert location unless we take along a barber, a manicure and a bathtub.



*When a commonplace thing—like cleaning an automobile—is done by a movie star, it at once becomes "an original bit of comedy," because a movie star does it. This, by the way, is George Larkins.*

## Will That Scene Get a Laugh?

(Continued from page 30)

judging by the way we felt. One goes down with the owner of the mules riding in front of the party, assuring everybody within sound of his voice that the mules *never* slip, and at the same time the man riding directly back of me was relating how, the last time he made the trip, a bee stung one of the mules just as the party was rounding that point ahead there. What the mule did, and what happened to the rest of that band of tourists, wasn't exactly calculated to quiet one's nerves; it didn't help me any about getting right down to work.

But we kept moving. If you've been there, you'll understand. If you haven't, you can take my word for it; there's no hanging back on the trail down. We shot about thirty scenes. It was most strenuous labor, covering several hours. The arrival of the luncheon interval was greeted with joyful acclaim.

And then it was discovered that the property man had forgotten the lunch. A few of the knowing ones had provided themselves with stay and comfort in one form or another — chocolate, principally — and these oddments, cheerfully contributed to a common fund, constituted the sole and only sustenance for completion of the scenes and the return trip. Do you wonder the way seemed long? And yet I think the film shows spirited action and sustained enthusiasm on the part of every player.

The ordinary element of chance that enters into all location work is often augmented by the unforeseen. Going out to Roosevelt Dam from Phoenix, to film more "Rug-gles" scenes, we traveled over a gorgeous road. Before we came back, the rains descended, as they do in that part of the country, and the floods came, and the road disappeared very suddenly. We started to drive slowly over what we thought and hoped was the road, through about six inches of perfectly good water, when, apropos of nothing at all, the right side of our car gave an unadvertised and extremely rapid slump down about four feet in the general direction of China and stopped—oh, very much stopped! The engine didn't seem to know just exactly what had happened and continued running merrily, precisely as if we were approaching Phoenix and food. Stupid, some engines are—really! The ladies screamed, and to comfort them we men swore like heroes; but we couldn't move the car an inch. We were surrounded by water and miles from civilization.

After talking brilliantly for an hour about what we should do—but doing nothing—two undersized little men, one a Mexican and the other an Indian, came sauntering along on sleepy-looking little ponies, and without addressing us at all, they each fastened a slender, silly-looking leather lariat to our front axle, and winding the other ends of the lariats around the pummels of their saddles, they started in to curse their steeds, and to my amazement our big automobile began to ponderously move out of the muddy pool and up on the firm road. How it was done we didn't know, and it wouldn't be any earthly use to try and tell you if we did, or how we felt at the time; and, besides, it was now after eight o'clock at night, and no dinner—nothing to sustain us but the memory of a dainty lunch at

the noon hour. We got another, however, not quite so dainty, at midnight, in a night lunch wagon, and turned in at one o'clock, with a six o'clock call which would compel us to arise and fare forth to another location.

There's a good deal that is thrilling, too, in our association with the animal stars now so popular. The bruin that was cast for the name part in "It's a Bear" wasn't any bottle-raised baby pet. It was a real, honest-to-goodness wild bear. A barber had bought it from a fellow who had trapped it, full grown. They'd handled it some and gave me all the benefit they could from their experience. Jelly beans, it seems, tamed him better than anything else they had discovered. I traveled with my pockets full of jelly beans and my mind full of what was likely to happen to me if the supply gave out. Any fellow that thinks he can outrun a bear hasn't had any opportunity for acquiring bear information. And what this one might take a notion to do was beyond anyone's guessing. But we kept him well fed and good-natured, and the jelly-bean crop held out. The film itself is proof, I think, that the real thing in pictures is worth any work necessary in securing it.

Instances like this could be related without end, but there is a limit to space. Whether the scene gets a laugh will continue to be our problem. The work will always have thrills enough to satisfy the most adventurous, and there will always be hazard sufficient for the gambler's instinct that is in most of us. But with it all, I doubt if there is any moving picture actor, who makes any type of motion picture, whose soul does not thrill when the time comes to go to work "on location."

## "When a Feller Needs a Friend"

(Continued from page 18)

screen comedies, then they do not like them, and that is all there is to it. I know there is no use of my attempting comedy along the beaten paths and inventing new ways to kick a man in the face or new ways to throw pies and things to get the laugh.

Not that I am in the comedy reform business either. There is all kinds of laugh-producing films, and I am one of those who can enjoy occasional slapstick stuff. But I think the Public have had a surfeit of it and are going to keep right on getting it. If Old George Public says he cannot get a laugh out of my stuff, let it go at that, and I shall hope his brother Bill can. His appreciation is worth just as much to me. There is no comedy that appeals to all people alike. I reckon Charlie Chaplin comes as near the universal comedian as anyone in the public eye to-day. But that is his own bright little corner, and he has brightened it up in his own inimitable way.

I hope I shall be able to brighten up a corner for someone. I know there are a lot of corners that need it, and if I can do it through the medium of kids, I shall feel that I have done much in the cinema world that should have been done long ago.

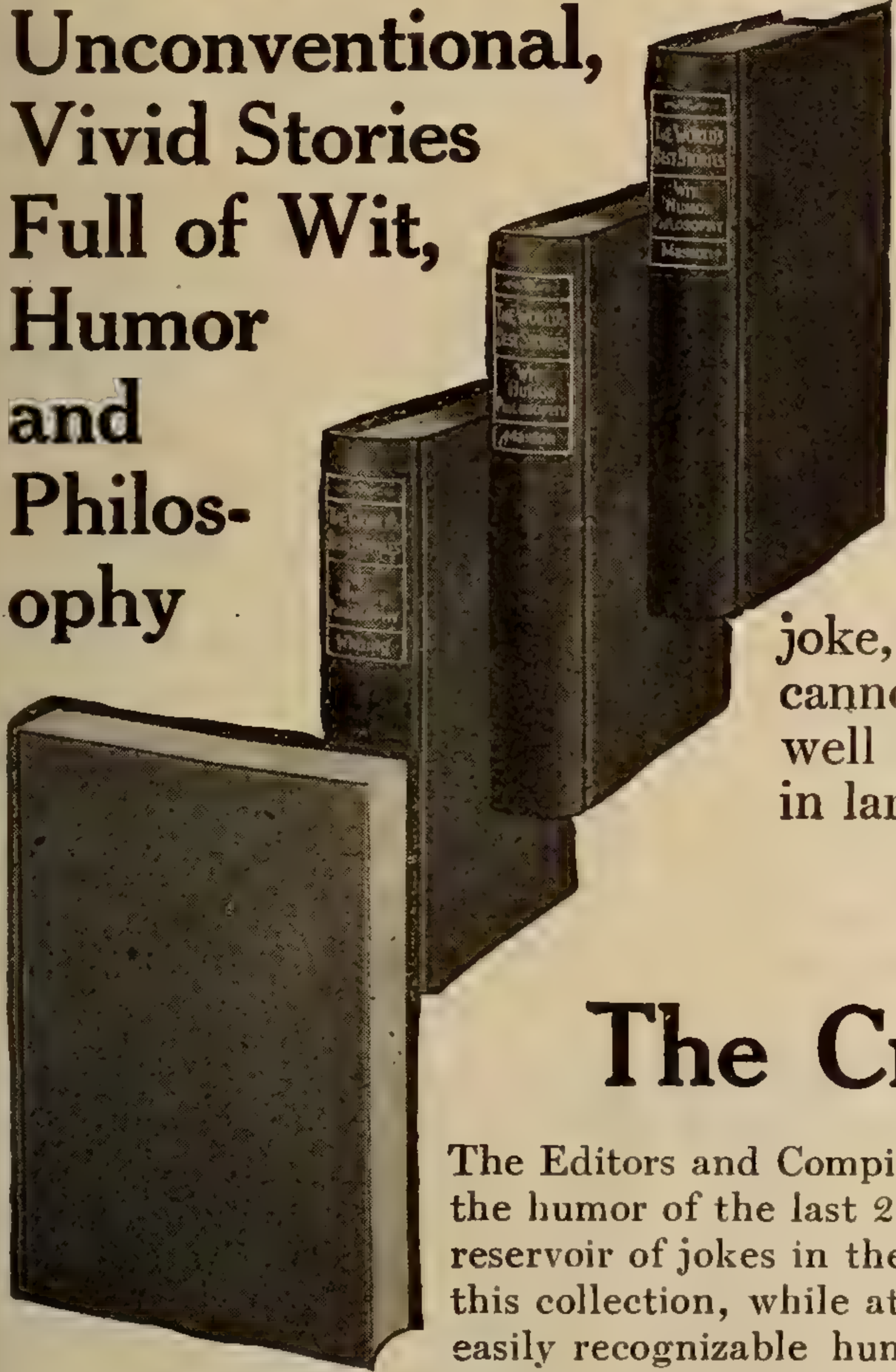
*Howell*—Her face is her fortune!

*Powell*—Then I'll take her at her face value!

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## Celluloid Celebrities

(Continued from page 17)

**P**AULINE FREDERICK, the lovely Goldwyn star, is one of the few who attends to her own mail instead of giving it into the more or less tender care of a secretary. And this does not indicate that Miss Frederick's mail bag is a small one, either; but she maintains that if people are nice enough to write and express appreciation of her work, it is up to her to reciprocate by personal letters.

Not all letters are answered, of course, for some merely ask for photographs; but many contain thoughtful criticisms of her work, and these are always more than welcome.

"When you can't stand criticism," says Miss Frederick, "then it's time to quit."

**M**ONROE SALISBURY, in his "hours of ease," which are few and far between, seeks the briny deep, not for inspiration, but for fish. At this season of the year surf fishing is especially good at Santa Monica and other beaches near Los Angeles, and Monroe is there from sunup to sundown, with rod and reel, and usually manages to bring back a full basket to the studio.

The other day he caught a fifteen-pound tuna—or maybe it was a yellow-tail; anyhow, it was an awfully big fish, and when he exhibited it at the studio:

"Old stuff!" remarked Harry Carey, who is also an enthusiastic but not always successful fisherman. "I brought home one, too, the other day. Mine cost me six bits; how much was yours?"

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS'S pet diversion in summertime is to go down by the sad sea waves and give them something to laugh about. But he, not being satisfied with the mild amusements offered by surf riding, fishing or swimming, limbers up a bit by performing all sorts of stunts, from doing handsprings on the beach to carelessly diving off the Venice pier and thus thrilling the beholders. He sometimes takes with him, on these watery pilgrimages, Cherokee, a beautiful white horse who worked with him in "Bound in Morocco," and whom Doug purchased after the picture was finished.

On Cherokee's broad back the come-

dian goes through a variety of performances, from standing on his head to turning cartwheels in rapid succession, and the horse stands for it with the utmost equanimity. Boys will be boys, he probably says to himself.

**I**T is not recorded how many lawyers wish they were movie stars—the number probably runs into the millions. But it is safe to say that there is only *one* movie star who wants to be a lawyer—and that is Neal Burns, the clever Universal comedian and leading man.

Yes, it's true. Neal is studying law every spare minute of his time, off the set when he is resting, and on the set while waiting for the camera to be set up. And, what is more, he intends to hang out his shingle as soon as he has mastered all the mysteries of legal lore.

"Come on, Neal! Leave Blackstone for 'Touchstone'!" implores Al Santell, the director, for the young man is generally so engrossed that he is oblivious to a mere trifle like acting. "Touchstone" is his latest picture; and, of course, everyone knows who—and what—Blackstone is.

**C**LARA HORTON, the little sixteen-year-old actress who takes the leading role in Rex Beach's "The Girl from the Outside," is a Christian Scientist and takes "Science and Health" with her on locations and everywhere.

In making the Rex Beach picture, which has lots of northern atmosphere and in which a number of rainstorms and sea work were scheduled, most of the company were under the weather as a result of the exposure; but Clara and her mother—for Mrs. Horton is always with her daughter—stood all the severe tests which the exigencies of the plot demanded, and Clara didn't even sneeze once. No, this isn't propaganda; I'm just telling what Clara told me.

### His Place

They had been working on desert stuff, and the hard-boiled extra was as dry as Maine. As a consequence, his patience gave out when the man ahead of him at the water cooler poured four glasses into an apparently bottomless void and showed signs of wanting more.

"Say, guy," he burst out, "you'd make a hit in th' Tank Corps, you would!"

## The Reason

In the pictures we find:

The hero's blazing eyes,  
The villain's burning gaze,  
The girl's hot anger,  
The heroine's flaming cheeks,  
Her father's fiery temper,  
The lovers' heated quarrel,  
The youth's scorching retort,  
And others.

Which may explain why the movies  
are so constantly being roasted.

## Not Overjoyed

*Sweet Young Thing*—Oh, don't you  
just love to see a splendid comeback?

*Scribbler*—Not if it chances to be one  
of my scenarios.

## Lucky Man

"There's a motion picture director  
who has never complained about actors'  
lack of brains."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he produces animal pictures."

## Con-fidential

It's generally the press agent who  
puts the con in his star's contract.

## One on Me

By Frank H. Williams

**M**Y sweetie and her maw and I  
Into a movie palace hie.  
My sweetie has the seat next me;  
Her maw sits next to her, I see.  
The lights go out; the pictures start.  
A bold plan leaps into my heart.  
While saying that the film's a peach,  
For sweetie's hand I slyly reach.  
I grab it, hold it, squeeze it, too—  
You fellows know the way we do!  
I wish the film would last a week;  
Some tender words I think I'll speak.  
And then, alas! on comes the light,  
And maw and sweetie laugh outright.  
I wonder what the joke's about—  
The joke's on me, without a doubt.  
My sweetie went and fixed it so  
I held maw's hand through all the show!

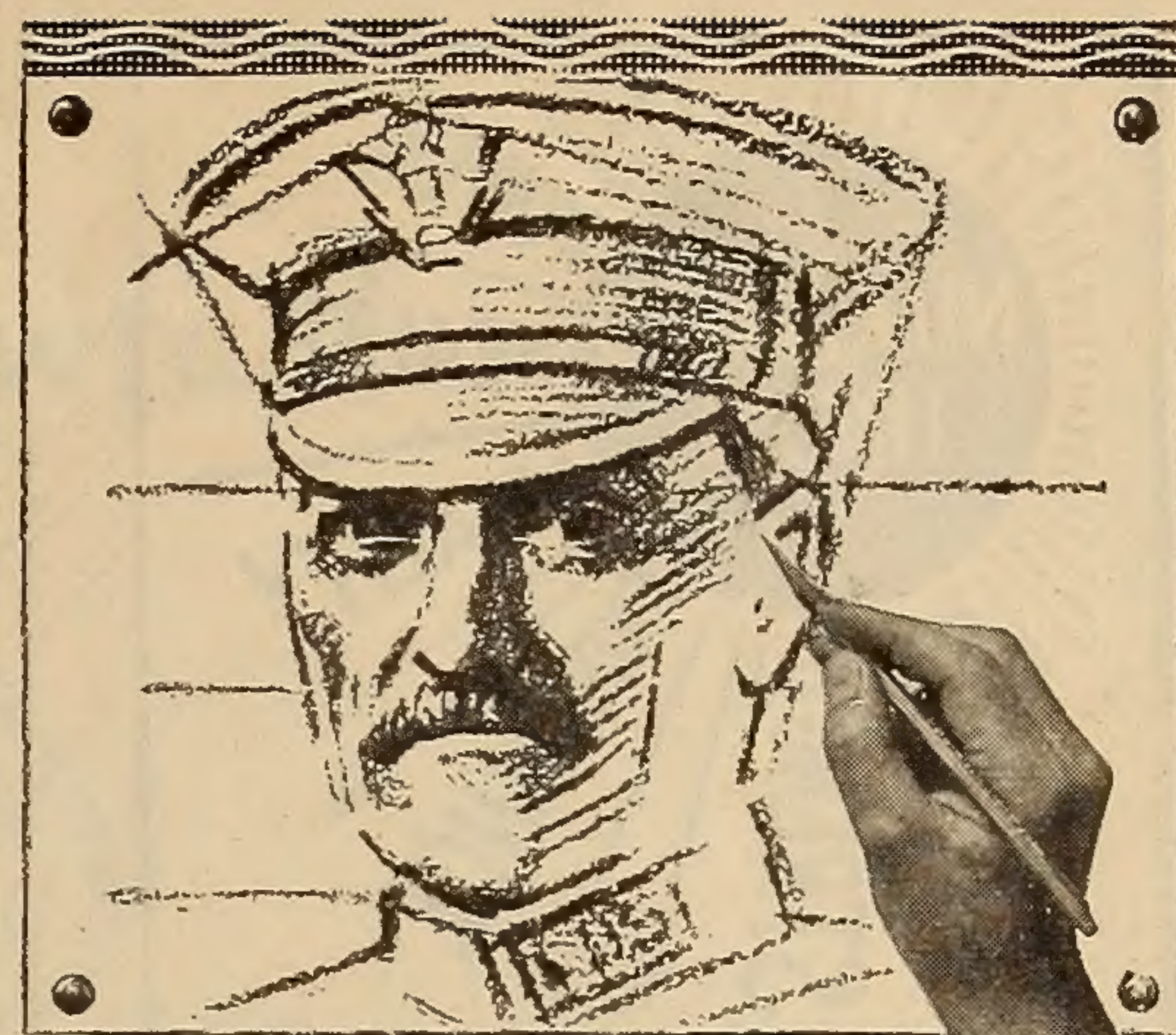
## Seeing Double

"I hear Bill has signed the pledge."

"Yes; you see, he went to the movies  
after a gay time, and he thought he  
had 'em when he saw a double exposure  
scene."

## Recipe

Take ten girls in bathing suits;  
Shapely they must be.  
Add a fat man, and you've got  
A film comedy.



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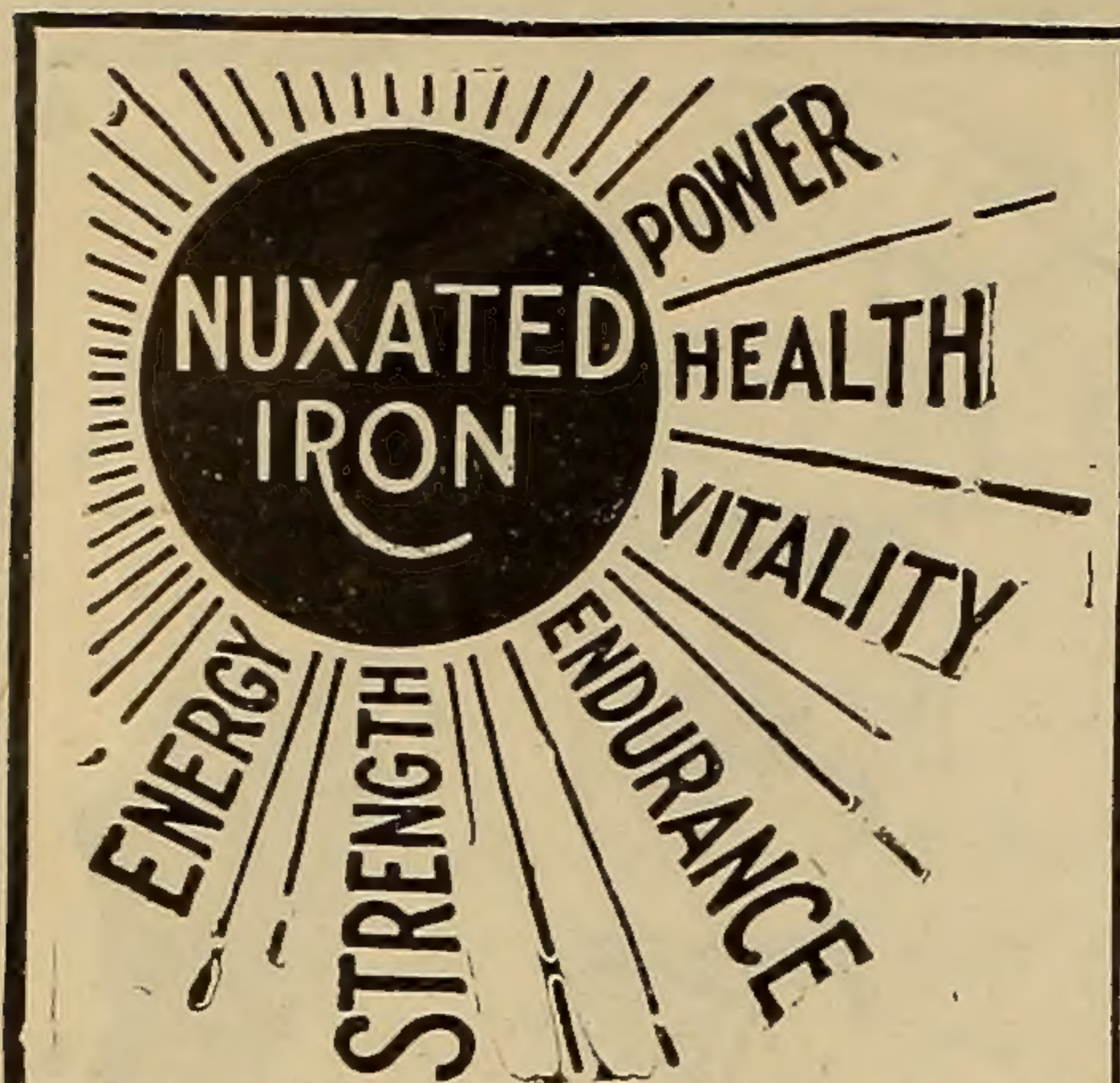
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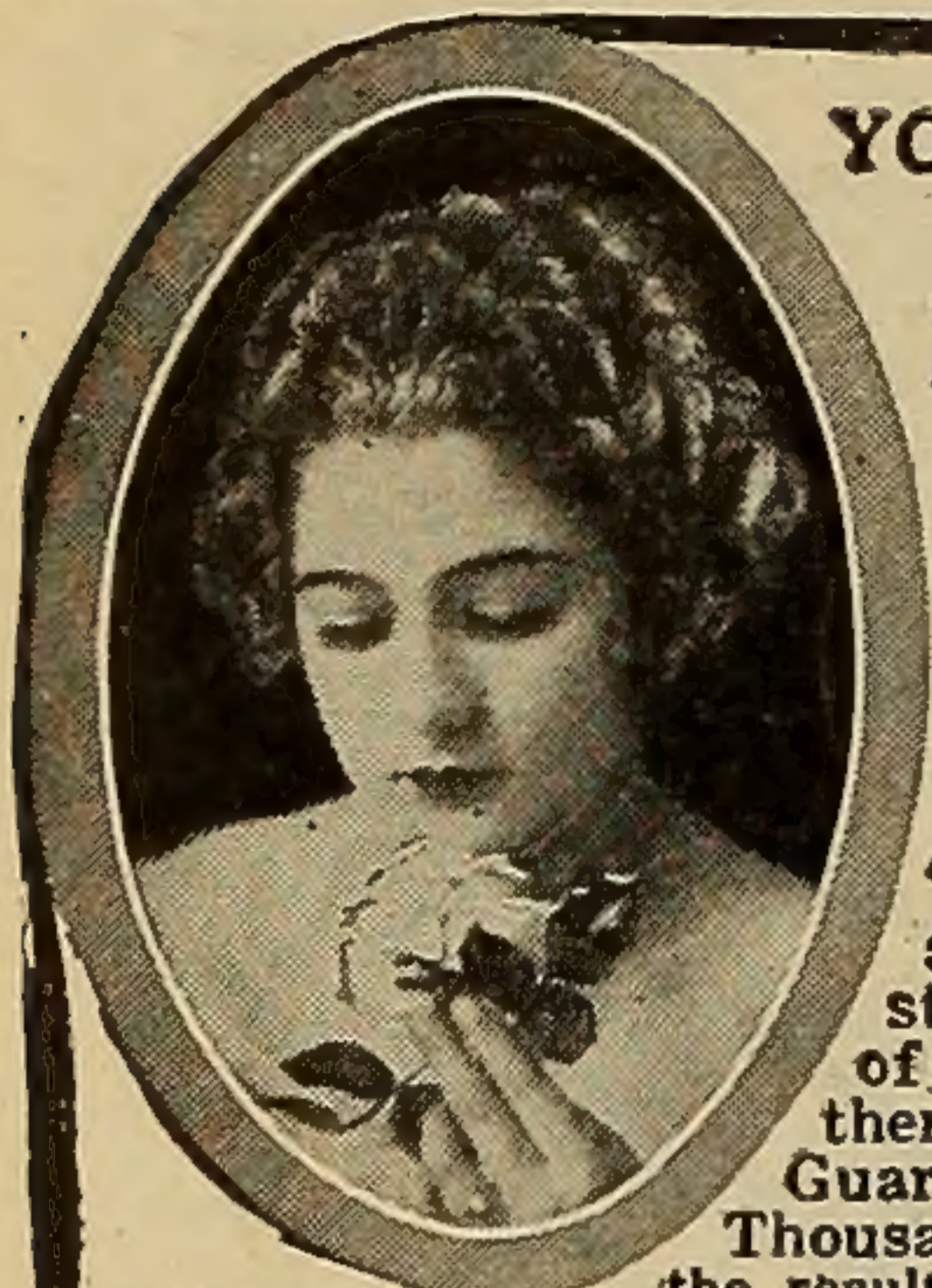


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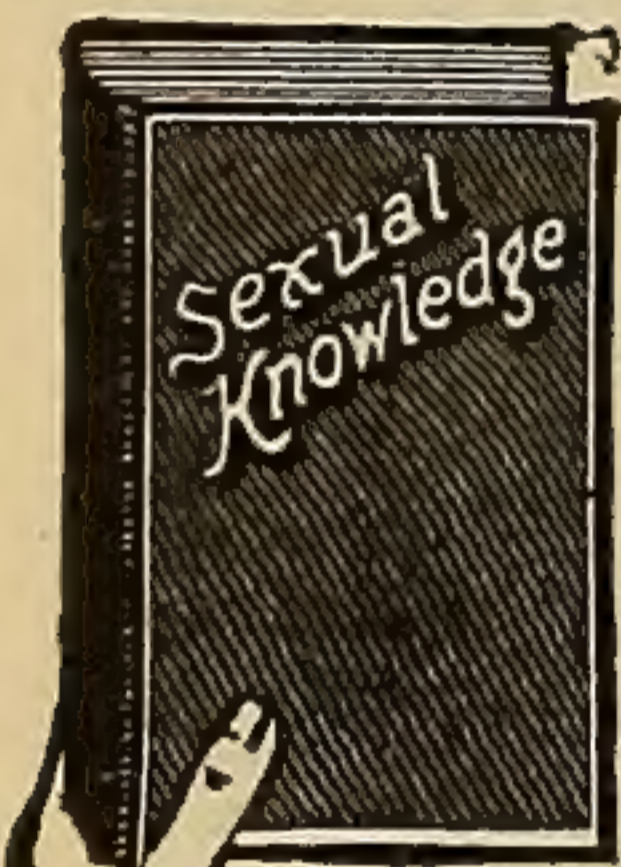
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*Second Ditto*—Yeah.

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"In what way?"

"The hero borrows matches and really works once in a while."

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"Why was the director discharged?"

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## Habit

"What's the matter with that woman? She's acted queerly ever since that organ grinder began to play."

"She's a motion picture actress, and every time she sees someone turn a handle, she becomes stagey."

## Too Much

*Friend*—Why did you quit your job?

*Scenario Writer*—The last straw. The director got hold of a strip of film showing an eclipse of the sun, and he wanted me to write a scenario around it.

## The Lesson

"What would you do if you inherited a million dollars?"

"Go to the movies every day for a month."

"Quit your kidding!"

"Really. I'd want to learn how to act in high society."

## Film Fun

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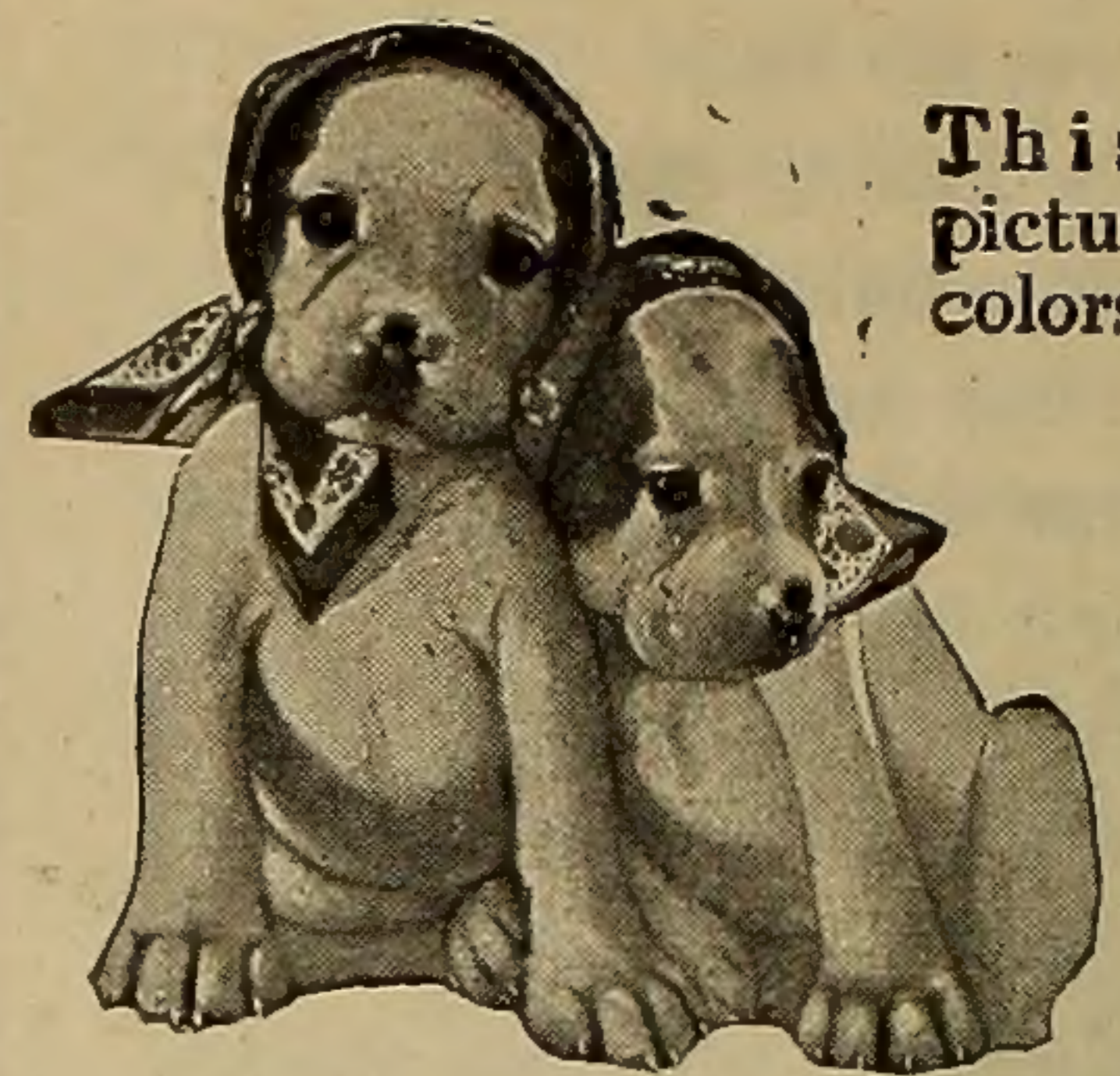
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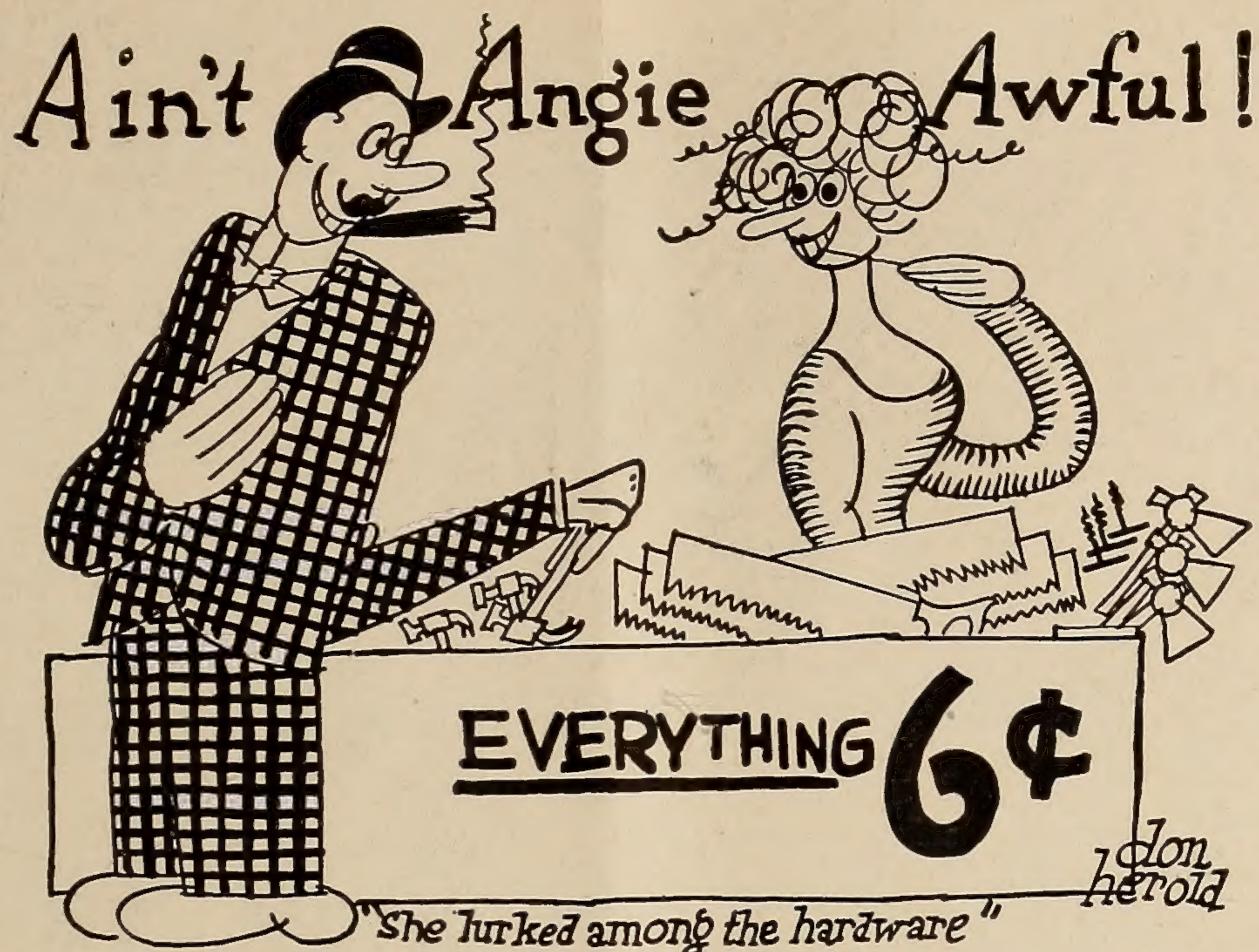


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Lila Lee in "ROSE OF THE RIVER"  
"Oh! You Women"  
A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production  
Vivian Martin in "LOUISIANA"  
Shirley Mason in "THE FINAL CLOSE-UP"  
Wallace Reid in "THE LOVE BURGLAR"  
Bryant Washburn in "A VERY GOOD YOUNG MAN"

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